VOL. CCVIII, No. 2720

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THE SPHERE, MARCH 29, 1952
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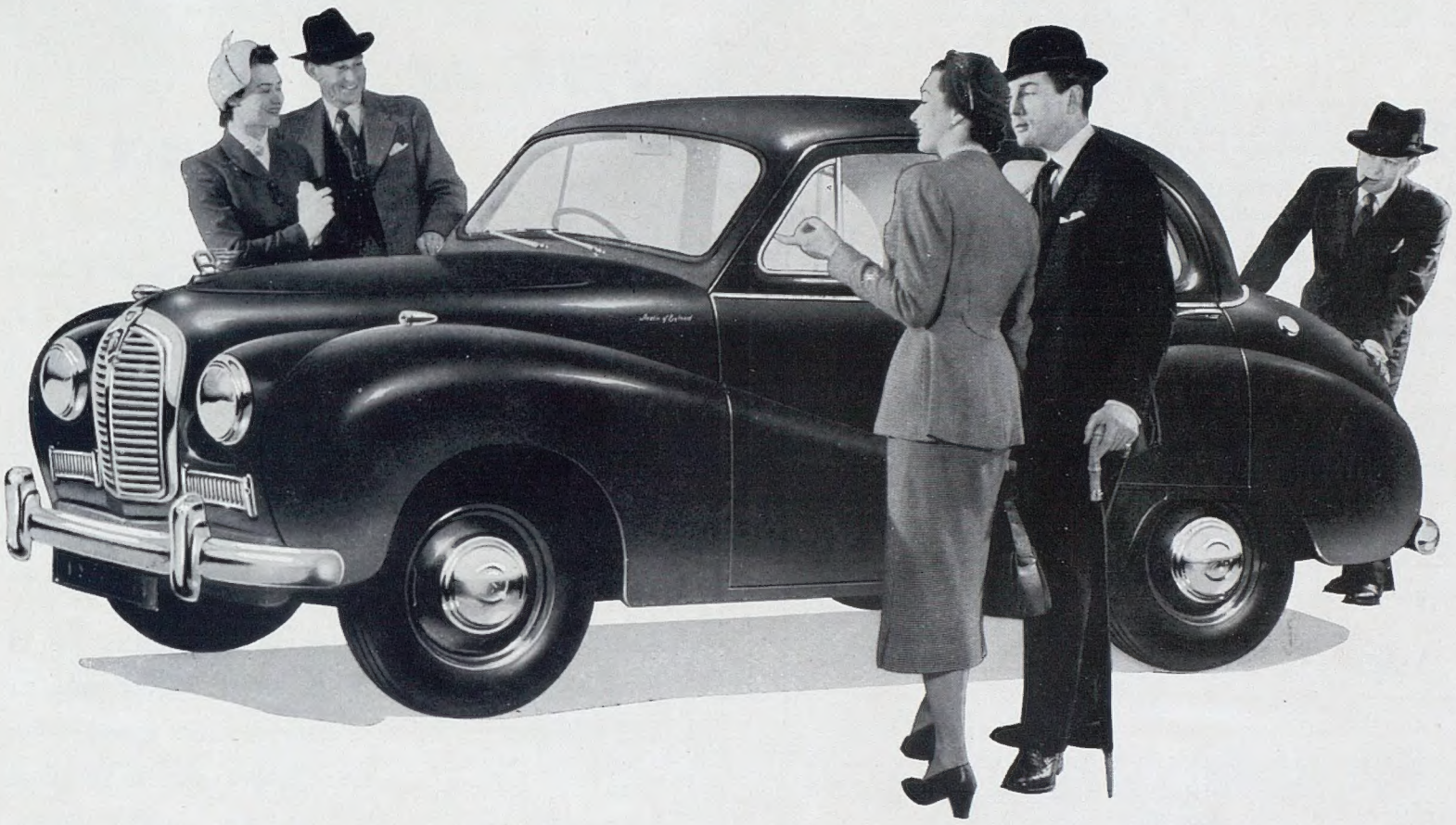

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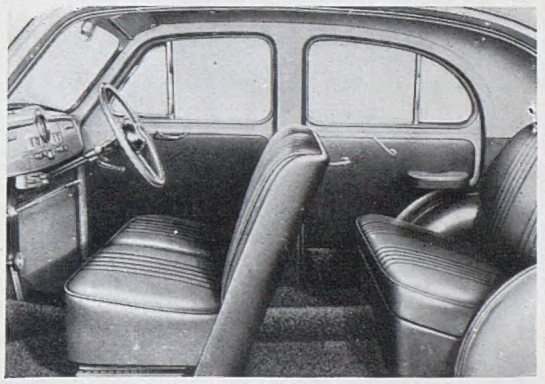

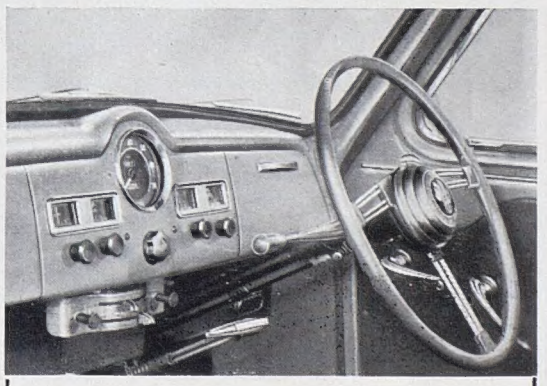

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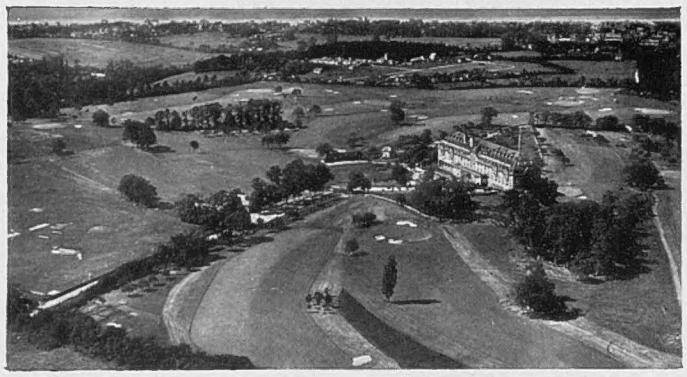

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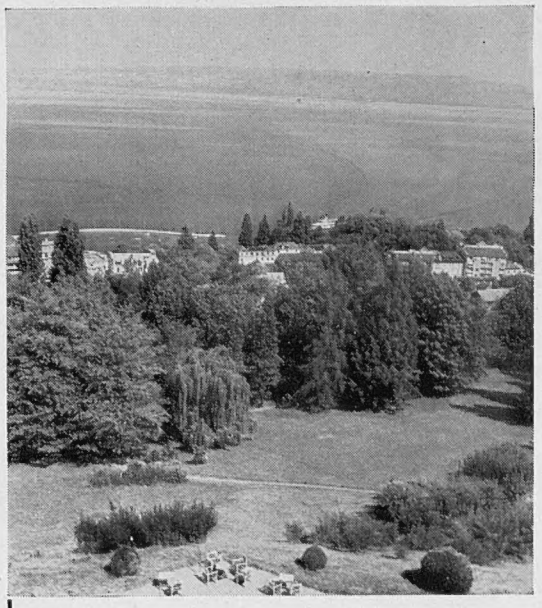

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Vittel, in the Vosges, is recommended for the treatment of bilious and intestinal disorders.

(*Hall of La Grande Source*)

Volume CCVIII No. 2720 The SPHERE, London, March 29, 1952

The SPHERE
with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

A GREAT DAY FOR LONDON OARSMEN—THE THAMES THRONGED WITH BOATS DURING THE ANNUAL HEAD OF THE RIVER RACE STAGED LAST SATURDAY FROM MORTLAKE TO PUTNEY, THE REVERSE DIRECTION OF THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE WHICH IS BEING ROWED TO-DAY, SATURDAY, MARCH 29: This view was taken from Chiswick Bridge looking towards Barnes Bridge, and shows some of the 221 boats near the start of their 4¼-mile journey.

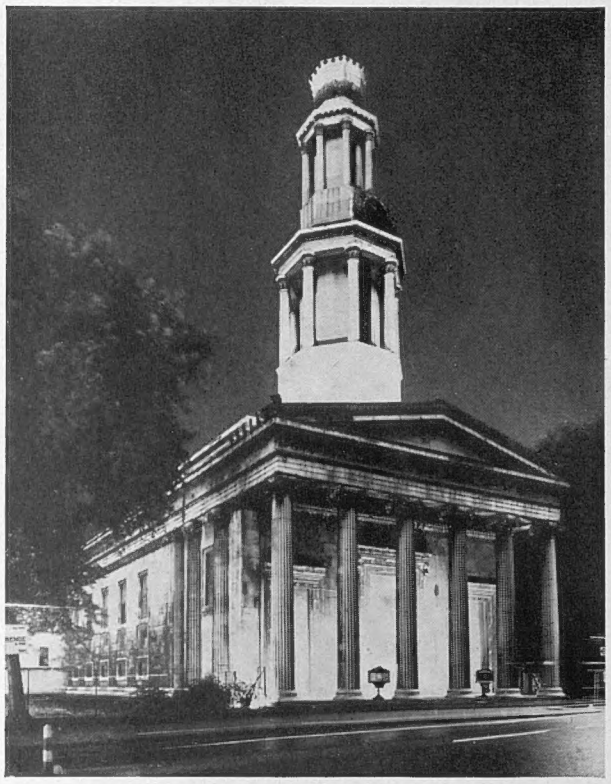
If the University Boat Race is a great day for sport-loving Londoners, and spectators of rowing, the Head of the River Race is the big day for the rowing men themselves, over 1,750 of them taking part in this mass effort from Mortlake to Putney. This year Jesus College, Cambridge, won their second successive victory in the race when they completed the course of 4¼ miles in 19 mins. 23 secs. London Rowing Club's first crew was two seconds slower and came into second place, and Thames were third in 19 mins. 27 secs. Jesus kept up a slightly higher rate of striking than their rivals, and during the last mile hardly dropped below 34. This performance showed just why the Cambridge Boat Race crew had found it so hard to shake them off during a trial a few days previously. Jesus are clearly a crew to reckon with.

Postage—Inland, 2d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

LONDON BUSES TO TOUR AMERICA

TO HELP THE COME-TO-BRITAIN MOVEMENT: These three London buses, which are now starting out on a tour of the United States, are seen in the No. 2 lower hold of the liner *Parthia* at Liverpool before being shipped to New York. They were due to start this coast-to-coast goodwill tour on March 24. Altogether the buses will traverse twenty-eight States and the District of Columbia and make stops in about forty cities. Sponsors for the tour, which is to arouse interest in holidays in Britain, are the British Travel Association and London Transport Executive. The buses have their own crews with them, and one of them has its own tickets, which the conductor clips as in London, but the tickets are not sold; they are given as souvenirs to groups of civic leaders, children and others invited for rides. In another of the buses travels a party of British girls costumed by leading London designers. This bus is an information centre, with dioramas of famous British scenes. The third bus carries tools and supplies.

APPEAL FOR ST. PANCRAS CHURCH



THE PRINCIPAL CHURCH OF THE BOROUGH OF ST. PANCRAS: This picture of the church, for which the vicar has launched an appeal amounting to £20,000, was taken during Festival Year. Extensive work is now being carried out in the church to make good the damage caused by dry-rot.

St. Pancras parish church is known by outward appearance to a vast number of both Londoners and provincial and overseas travellers. Its prominent position in the Euston Road at the intersection of two main traffic arteries ensures this. Many passers-by and visitors to the area often stop at the church to rest and to join in the services with the regular worshippers. It is a large church, perhaps too big for its immediate parochial requirements, but not too big for the work it serves; this includes Archdeaconary affairs and special services for famous organisations. Since the war no less than £3,334 has been spent on the fabric and its lighting and heating. Now the faithful and enthusiastic regular congregation is faced with a bigger task. In addition to war damage the church has been attacked by dry-rot and minor electrical faults have necessitated the entire rewiring of the building. All these repairs are expected to cost up to £20,000. As such a sum is far beyond the capacity of the parish to raise unaided, the vicar, the Rev. W. P. Baddeley, has appealed to all those who have a link with the parish. The church was consecrated in 1822.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE"

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.*2. *The rates for* 12 *months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are* £5 16*s.* 6*d.*; 6 *months and Christmas Number,* £3; 6 *months without Christmas Number,* £2 16*s.* 6*d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are* £5 14*s.*, £2 19*s. and* £2 15*s.*; *and for elsewhere Overseas* £5 18*s.* 6*d.*, £3 1*s.* 3*d. and* £2 17*s.* 6*d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Politics Before Economics.—In neighbour columns of *The Times* one day last week I read the legends: "Stalemate at Teheran" and "Cotton Crisis in Egypt." These legends (and hard facts) give food for reflection. The recent impatience and intemperate actions of the leaders of the Governments of Persia and of Egypt have certainly helped to dam the life blood of both countries. Moussadek was intransigeant to the end in his dealings with the World Bank and he will get no more consideration. He must fall back on the proposition that "after all" Persia can do very well without, or with only a tithe of its oil revenue. The Egyptian cotton crisis is less directly due to concentration on political aims and nationalism. But it is due to the policy of the Wafd Government which raised the price of cotton in a falling world market. And now the present Government, if they are to get back foreign buyers, must cut their prices sacrificially. And they *must* do so if they are to obtain any source of foreign exchange. They have nothing else but desert sand to offer. It is fair to say that if the Wafd had not at a vital time left economic dangers ahead to shift for themselves while they gambled blindly with nationalistic political aims, her Government would not now be asking themselves so ruefully whether Egypt "after all" can do very well without cotton revenues. And where might we be to-day if in 1945 our Government had rationed political aims and given equal consideration to economic dangers? I feel no doubt at all that we should be in less sorry case. If our Socialist paradise had been built on firmer economic foundations and with a speed less reckless, there would have been no need to cancel benefits conceded in a Welfare State planned within the compass of our economy. Whoever feels justified in throwing stones at Teheran and Cairo, it should not be those who held power in Whitehall between 1945 and 1951.

Our Democratic Way.—Mr. Ward's introduction of the Air Estimates last week was perfectly in accordance with our democratic way. There is no other way. Yet an impartial observer from Mars might have well rubbed his eyes and asked himself if he dreamed. He would come well furnished with up-to-date information about our political and economic dangers. He would know that we are scraping the walls of our saucepan to furnish weapons of defence against a more than possible aggressor and he would say: "Is it possible that this extraordinary people at such a time issue an invitation to the aggressor to 'come and take us' now or never? In two years perhaps England might put up some sort of defence. At the moment her air defences are pie-crust. The ripe plum inside is anybody's prize for the taking, and they cry the invitation from the house-tops." The man from Mars would then switch to another subject or column of the newspaper he reads. He is aware that England is built on coal, that everybody clamours for our coal, that if we dug twice as much as we now dig, we could solve our economic problem, keep our industries at full blast, avoid unemployment, increase our exports, meet our defence needs and improve our standard of life—in no time. He reads that the plan to import a few Italians to help in the digging has been dropped. The small body of men who dig coal will not allow any more coal to be dug than that quantity which will ensure to their close corporation the certainty of full employment. There is enough coal underground to keep them busier than they are to-day for 200 years, by which time atomic energy may make coal a back number. But the miners' decision is final. The man from Mars will return home with a most extraordinary story.

That Car Pool Economy.—We thought it splendid when the new Government announced its intention drastically to cut down the cars and personnel of the Government car pool. Here was the new axe to be vigorously applied. There had long been ugly rumours of Ministerial cars being employed for Ministerial wives' shopping and other "unnecessary journeys." Perhaps the "unnecessary journeys" ought now to be resumed in order to keep the personnel from going mad with boredom. I doubt not these cars use less petrol than last year, but the axe has proved too blunt to reduce the number of personnel or the cars. The personnel are very properly protected by Unions, and no Government axe is good against that hard wood. So it seems the cars must rust and the personnel play cards and nobody seems a penny the worse or better, although there are vital defence jobs crying out to be done. That again is pretty, democratic Fanny's way. But courage, there is better news from another front. The Minister of Labour has decided to cut by two-thirds the grants to the N.I.H. This Institute, created to instruct house-workers or domestic science advisers or housewives' assistants (or, as we used to say, cooks and housemaids), was set up by the Socialist Government in 1946, when we were very rich and prosperous. It was to raise the status of domestic employment and award certificates and diplomas. Nine centres were set up. By 1950 the Government was granting £160,000 towards them. It cost £160 to train one "student" for six months, and during that year 590 experts received certificates or diplomas. Up to 1948 the output was not so high. In those two years only ninety students emerged to assist the nation's housewives, and each one had cost the taxpayer £1300. Their status was so high that they were very hard to please. No one of my acquaintance drew a prize.

Driving Tests.—M. Martel, President of France's F.B.P. (Federation of Good People), has submitted to M. Herriot a suggestion that political party leaders should be examined by a committee of psychiatrists. This expert committee could give or withhold certificates of fitness to govern, the politicians' driving test and driving licence. There is something in it. A car and a Cabinet are both dangerous implements in inexpert hands and may cause havoc on the roads. But would not a jury of ordinary men serve the purpose as well as a board of psychiatrists? M. Martel indeed suggests such a jury as a board of first instance. The suggestion shows at least that someone in France is alive to the ever-growing menace and absurdity of France's political system of greasy-card shuffling. No doubt the suggestion was lightheartedly commented on in the Press—a jest for *mi-carême*. Yet it was not so humorously propounded in former days. Plato treated it seriously and his school has done so since. Indeed, I have often thought it odd that stockbrokers and Ministers of State need pass no test before they begin to fiddle away our money. Many of the qualifications for driving a car are equally important for governing a country. Long-sightedness, unselfishness, restraint, courtesy, quick reaction to sudden emergency and some knowledge of the working of the machine, are essential for both. At the moment there is no penalty in force against politicians in any country in the Western world who are caught out flagrantly disobeying the code. There is no code for Ministers, no penalty until the damage is done, and even then suspension of licence is never enforced for the full period. The road-hog is at the wheel again in a matter of months.

A GIANT HEAD OF GEORGE V

DESTINED FOR CANBERRA: Now being cast in a Lambeth foundry is this bronze statue of King George V ordered by the Australian Government for the Parliament Buildings. The statue was designed by Mr. C. Raynor Hoff, and the model was executed by Mr. J. E. Moorfield, two Australian sculptors, both now dead. Sir William Reid Dick (left) is supervising the casting of the statue, which depicts King George V in his Garter robes. On the right is Mr. Gordon Duffell, a bronze-chaser, who is seen doing finishing work.

Grey Squirrel Menace.—Experience of taking part in an intensive drive against grey squirrels organised by A.E.C.s and Pest Officers of Hants and Sussex assures me that the grey squirrel menace is much more serious than I ever supposed it to be. We were given the use of an aluminium pole built up in sections which makes it possible to reach and rake out the higher dreys, and this device instantly showed the gravity of the plague and the uselessness of any other method. It is expensive and useless to shoot through a drey. To shoot casual squirrels seen in the open on ground or branches is utterly ineffective. The pole-rake alone can tackle the job, and it is a very big job. In one small wood of fir and oak we found forty dreys. Of these, 40 per cent. contained breeding pairs. It is reasonable to suppose that, without vigorous and effective treatment, that small wood would have held seventy squirrels this summer. Within the limits of a square mile round my house woods and copses, equally crowned with dreys, stretch continuously in every direction. I have heard very little that is convincing concerning the merits and virtues of the grey squirrel. Of its vices, we have had in the past years damning proof. Those who have hitherto destroyed in tens must henceforth destroy in hundreds, and they can do it only with this patent pole. The campaign costs money and the State, if it accepts the necessity, must give more generous help with cartridges.

County Council Elections.—It was an old condemnation of our national apathy that we seldom take local Government elections seriously; do not trouble to vote at County Council and other

elections. We are more politically-minded to-day than a generation ago, and certainly we are more conscious of our economical problems and difficulties. It is probably true that economic considerations are usually more important than political in local Government elections. We are always hoping for a penny or two off the rates (and hope is still not taxed). Thus, however "safe" we may regard our favoured majority on our County Council, we should not be lulled into apathy. We should plump at the booths to make it safer. But if economies in administration are what we look for, we must first make up our minds which is the party most likely to achieve them. I confess that it is not an easy decision. Seven years of Socialist rule, observed in retrospect and judged by the weight of present-day taxation and rates, suggested a reckless squandermania without parallel in world history. The Conservatives came in pledged to make large economies in administrative costs. Perhaps it is still too early to judge them. It is not easy to observe as yet the workings of the axe in local government. The directives to spend in the largest way come, and have come, mostly from Whitehall. The resistance in the County Councils is not very noticeable. Pride of administration is very high. Our County Councils must all be Whitehalls, beautifully housed, superbly furnished, bulk consumers of stationery, staffed to bursting. For whom shall we vote? Who will show us any good? Who will retrench a single committee, or typist, or penny off the rates?

A Right Judgment.—In my mail last week I received a kind and even flattering letter from a reader, a faithful reader, in Angus. She said that her family had been "brought up on THE SPHERE," and she enclosed a few lines which (she said) I had written in the "Newsletter" in 1942. The sentiments are unexceptionable, if a little trite. I have no recollection at all of having written them down, but am quite pleased to have them fathered on me by my younger self, even at the risk of being called a Tupper or a Stitch. Here they are, as apt to-day as yesteryear:

"A RIGHT JUDGMENT.—Kipling coupled success and disaster as twin imposters. Be that as it may, he recognised that both are difficult to meet in the right spirit. . . . If we could to-day ask for one gift for the nation, our leaders, and ourselves, we should put in a plea for 'right judgment in all things.' That we may all keep our heads, retain our sense of proportion, keep on and keep steady, remembering that all things pass, even disasters and triumphs, our own lives, the life of our generation, of our century. . . . We are all related to great events of history now making, yet a few years hence we shall be allotted a relationship to them less personal than now, not much more close perhaps than that of the generations which preceded, and succeeded our own. . . . The little things of our daily life still count and call imperatively to be well done. Those are the grains of sand which make up the Continent of a World-Event, for good or ill. We mint the pence which make the pound in history. If we take care of the pence, the pound can take care of itself."

How true! What sound proverbial philosophy! And now (under the same caption) let me ventilate another aspect of "right judgment." "The Judgment of Paris," William Roberts' picture showing now in the Contemporary Art Exhibition at the Tate. I doubt not that many admire it and that as many laugh at it or detest it. Perhaps you have seen the picture at the Tate or reproduced in *The Times*? Paris was judging a *beauty* competition, that is accepted. What then was in the artist's mind? I ask with humility and with a real desire to learn the truth.

What is Truth?—Was it in his mind that beauty has too long been identified with classic tradition; that a shapely ankle is not necessarily one which tapers below the calf? That trousers-shape or an elephant's leg is as "beautiful" on a man or woman as the chocolate-box ideal? Or was he bitterly lashing at vulgar beauty shows on seaside beaches? Last week in THE SPHERE's sport pages there was a picture of the boxer Gardner receiving a "right" from Williams. This shrewd blow had knocked Gardner's nose sideways. I thought it a picture lacking in beauty. My first reaction to Roberts "Judgment of Paris" was the same. And I am genuinely puzzled and anxious to be put right on contemporary standards of taste in art and of beauty. What *is* truth? Can no man answer Pilate's oratorical question or does every generation supply henceforth a different answer. Gardner's crooked nose and grimace may be the sheer beauty of courage in adversity. Roberts' "Judgment of Paris" may be a courageous denial of an accepted historical "truth"—the beauty of Helen; or an honest attempt to show her as perhaps she was. Or merely a gesture of scorn by a revolutionary and disillusioned craftsman who has an urge to jolt the complacency of tradition and precedent—a thing I often do myself. What is the answer?

THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

By Alasdair Alpin MacGregor
With Illustrations by Montague Dawson

An Account of the Great System of Lighthouses Round the Scottish Coast

THE LEONARDO DA VINCI EXHIBITION IN LONDON

CROWDS THRONG BURLINGTON HOUSE FOR THE LEONARDO DA VINCI QUINCENTENARY EXHIBITION: A view of one of the galleries last week. This is the first of a series of temporary exhibitions which it is intended to hold at Burlington House. The Leonardo Exhibition is in three parts. The first and most important consists of drawings, by far the greater number of them from Windsor; King George VI gave the Academy permission to choose whatever drawings were wanted from the incomparable series in the Royal collection. In another room are hung copies of Leonardo's pictures or paintings derived by his pupils from lost works. A third room, arranged by the Science Museum, illustrates Leonardo's scientific work, with models reconstructed from his drawings, bound volumes of his anatomical and other studies, and reproductions of pages in these and also in the *Codice Atlantico* in Milan and Manuscripts A and B in the Institut de France. Embarrassing his teachers in childhood by profound mathematics beyond their solving, Leonardo invented water-mills, engines of war, a paddle-wheel for boats, breech-loading cannon, the swimming-belt, the smoke-stack, the mincing machine and the conical rifle bullet. The exhibition reflects the extraordinary many-sidedness of Leonardo, who anticipated so much modern thought and so much achievement in the realm of science and engineering.

FALSTAFF'S FARMHOUSE TO BE AUCTIONED

A LONDON LINK WITH THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF ELIZABETH I: Oxgate Farm, a farmhouse surrounded by factories in one of London's largest industrial areas, is to be auctioned next month. The old farmhouse, in Coles Green Road, Cricklewood, N.W., is the only remaining part of Oxgate Manor, once owned by Shakespeare's John Falstaff. Queen Elizabeth I was so taken with the character of Falconbridge in *King John*, in whom she saw the character of her half-brother, Sir John Perrott, owner of the Manor, that she asked Shakespeare to put him on the stage again as a lover. As a result, Falstaff appeared in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

THE TRAIL OF DEATH AND DISASTER

IN STRICKEN ARKANSAS; AND THE FRANKFURT AIR CRASH

On right—

THE MAIN STREET OF JUDSONIA, ARKANSAS, AFTER THE TORNADO HAD TAKEN ITS TOLL: Just before last week-end tornadoes ravaged the six States of the Mississippi Valley and the heavy rains, hail, floods and fire that followed them took a big toll in human lives and injuries, and did millions of dollars of damage. In Arkansas alone ninety-nine people lost their lives in one of the worst disasters ever to strike the State. Thirteen bodies were recovered at Judsonia, and the town marshal estimated that at least twenty more dead would be found in the railway station area, which was practically wiped out. All told, about twenty-five towns and rural communities were badly hit by the "twisters."

A DESTROYED CHURCH IN JUDSONIA: One of many buildings involved in the devastation. *On right*—Three homes once stood in this area on the south-west edge of Dierks, Arkansas. At Dierks seven deaths were reported. At the time of writing the search for the dead is still going on.

THE FRANKFURT AIR DISASTER: *Above* and *on left*—**Smoke still pouring from the battered fuselage of the Dutch Globemaster, *Queen Juliana*, which crashed near Frankfurt Airport with a death-roll of forty-four. The airliner, on the K.L.M. service Johannesburg-Rome-Amsterdam, was to have made an intermediate landing at the Rhein Main Airport.** She had thirty-seven passengers and a crew of ten on board. There were patches of mist, and the liner cruised round for twenty minutes, apparently awaiting instructions to land. According to airport authorities, she was already an hour behind schedule, and had been instructed to reduce height. The signal to land had, however, not been given. According to eye-witnesses and one of the survivors, the aircraft came out of a patch of mist above a forest. She was then so low that the tops of trees were torn off, and she lost two of her engines and a wing, and crashed after having cut a long swath through the forest. Parts of the aircraft were thrown over a wide area. An explosion occurred, and fire broke out. The passengers, who had adjusted their safety belts preparatory to landing, were flung together into the fore part of the aircraft. A forester and other helpers brought out six persons before fire drove them away.

A MASS DEMONSTRATION BEING BROKEN UP IN THE HARBOUR AREA : At one stage in the Trieste disorders mounted police charged a crowd of 15,000 people in the main square in what was a strictly anti-Allied and essentially anti-British demonstration. Communists and non-Communists joined in the demonstrations, which began on the occasion of the fourth anniversary of the Three-Power proposal to return the Free Territory to Italy.

DAYS OF DISORDER IN TRIESTE

PRO-ITALIANS RIOT ON A SIGNIFICANT FOURTH ANNIVERSARY

In their long and turbulent history the people of Trieste have seldom been more restive than in recent days, and the target of the vast pro-Italian population is the Allied administration, which has not implemented the pledge by Britain, the United States and France that all of the Free Territory, including the Yugoslav-occupied zone, should be returned to Italy. At first the students were content with mass meetings and the parade of anti-Allied slogans, but the tension grew, and on the fourth day the disorders had developed dangerously in tone. Ten thousand troops were standing by, fully armed, and from many quarters of the city ugly incidents were reported. Fighting broke out at one spot when demonstrators had hoisted the Italian tricolour on a tree. When police arrived they were greeted with a hail of stones, which they hurled back. Some of the demonstrators are known to belong to Right Wing political groups. Others are equally well known as pro-Communists.

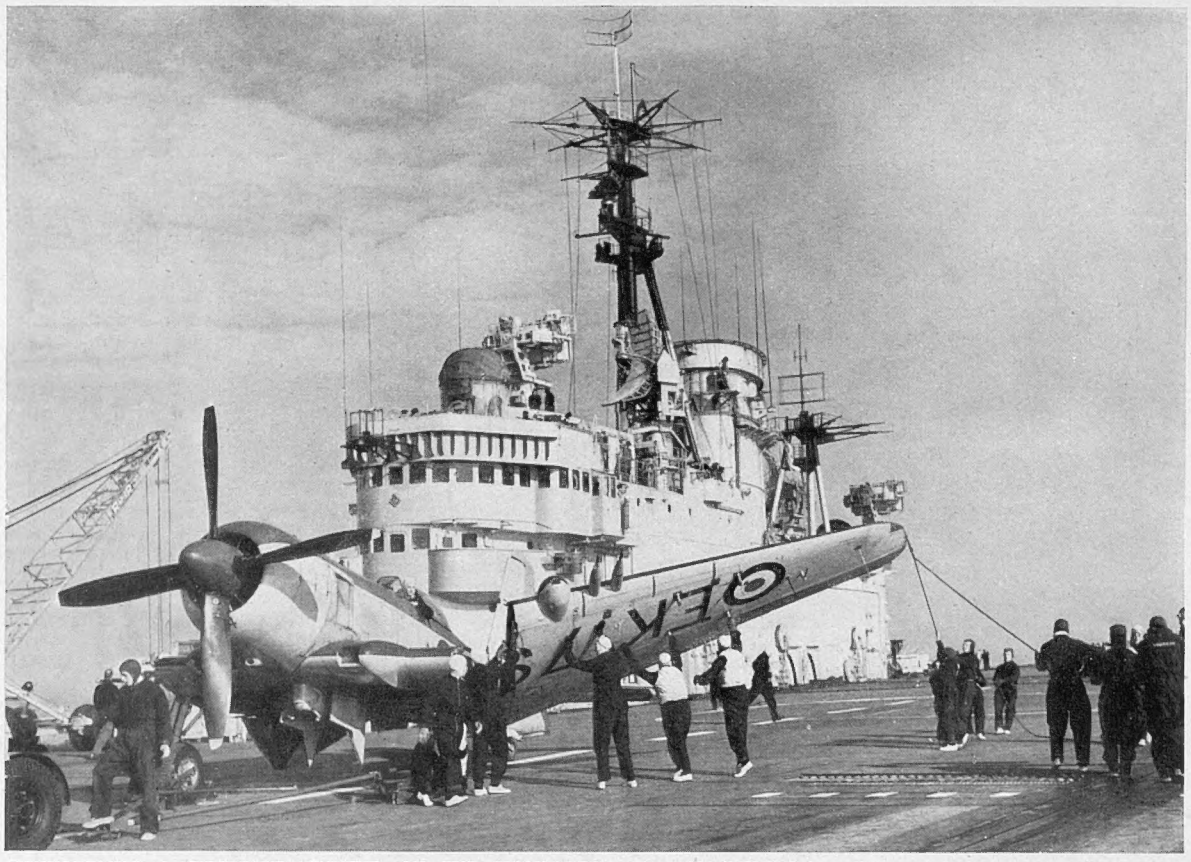
Major-General Sir John Winterton has been made a particular target of attack, and one Italian newspaper has declared : " Mr. Eden should immediately recall this British General who is Military Governor of an Italian city."

THE TRIESTE POLICE USE ONE OF THEIR FAMOUS WATER WAGGONS FOR THE DISPERSAL OF CROWDS : This was one way in which they kept order in the city during days of tension. On the fourth day of the disorders twenty-three civilians and one policeman were injured in hand-to-hand fighting.

A PARTY OF STUDENT DEMONSTRATORS, COMPLETE WITH BAND AND BANNERS, IS ISOLATED BY THE MOUNTED POLICE : By parading round the meeting in this fashion the police force hoped to prevent an ugly situation developing.

THE POLICE DASH IN TO DISPERSE A HOSTILE MEETING : So ruthless were some of the police methods considered, that a general strike was called in Trieste in protest, and the Mayor, Signor Bartoli, proclaimed a state of civil disobedience until Allied officials responsible for incidents had been removed.

LEAFLETS URGING IMMEDIATE RESTORATION OF THE CITY TO ITALY : They fluttered down into the audience during a protest meeting staged by Trieste's Mayor.



MANHANDLING A FIREBRAND FIGHTER ON THE FLIGHT-DECK OF THE "EAGLE": This mighty new vessel received her final acceptance into the Royal Naval Service on March 1 following the completion of her sea trials, and now her working-up period is well under way. The ship is the first in any Navy specifically designed to operate modern jet aircraft, and she has been fitted with many new and complex devices necessary for this task.

JETS ON THE FLIGHT-DECK

H.M.S. "EAGLE," BRITAIN'S NEWEST AND LARGEST AIRCRAFT-CARRIER, PROVIDES OPPORTUNITIES FOR HER BROOD OF AIRCRAFT TO PRACTISE

H.M.S. *Eagle*, the 36,000-ton Fleet carrier built by Harland and Wolff of Belfast, is now well on the way to becoming a highly organised operational unit in the British Navy, and her working-up trials are said to have been in every way satisfactory. The speed with which she catapults jet aircraft from her flight-deck is already measuring up to operational requirements, and with the installation of the new steam catapult invented by Commander C. C. Mitchell, of Edinburgh, results should exceed anything that has ever before been achieved. The *Eagle's* arrester gear is also of an improved type, and this will accept landings by larger and faster aircraft than any previously used in carriers.

The electrical installation of the *Eagle* is of a special interest. It is estimated that some 400 miles of cable are installed. The shipbuilders were required to make approximately 500,000 electrical connections to complete the installation.

The total connected electrical load is nearly 11,500 kW. The generating plant consists of eight generators each of 500 kW. Four of these generators are steam-driven and four Diesel-driven. Each generator is capable of sustaining a 10 per cent overload for two hours.

A 220-volt D.C. watertight ring main system is used for the distribution of the electrical energy and supplies are tapped off this ring at convenient points round the ship through approximately 300 electrically-operated breakers. An emergency supply system is fitted for use in the event of damage.

There are over 1,000 motors in the ship, representing a total connected load of over 8,000 kW. These range in size from large 200-h.p. motors for aircraft lifts down to fractional h.p. motors for a variety of services such as potato peelers, photo printing, paint mixing, collar ironing and ice-cream-making.

ATTACKERS PREPARING TO TAKE OFF DURING WORKING-UP EXERCISES ABOARD H.M.S. "EAGLE": In the background are Firebrands, and steaming in the distance is the attendant destroyer, H.M.S. *Zest*. The Attacker jet fighters of 800 Squadron and the Firebrand torpedo-carrying aircraft of 827 Squadron have carried out exercises in take-off and landing procedure at sea. A comprehensive system of flight-deck lighting makes possible the operation of jet aircraft by night as well as by day.

AN ATTACKER IS CATAPULTED OFF THE "EAGLE'S" FLIGHT-DECK: The jet is seen at the moment of release, with the flight-deck crew (left) turning to handle the next machine. *Eagle* has hydraulic catapult equipment, but this is to be replaced by the new steam catapult which has been described as "among the most important developments for naval aviation since the war." This will reduce the need for carriers to steam into the wind to fly off their aircraft. It will also now be possible through this British invention to launch aircraft from a stationary ship. In the present launching equipment in H.M.S. *Eagle* aircraft are positioned for loading into the catapults by an automatic device which greatly speeds up launching operations and reduces the labour of the crews operating on the flight-decks.

A JET ATTACKER IS RAISED FROM HANGAR TO FLIGHT-DECK BY THE HIGH-SPEED AIRCRAFT LIFT: 200-h.p. motors operate the lifts of H.M.S. *Eagle*. In this carrier larger and faster aircraft will be handled more quickly than in any carrier of the Royal Navy.

THE ATTACKERS FLY OFF THEIR PARENT SHIP: *Left*—One of the jets seen from the superstructure of H.M.S. *Eagle*. *Right*—Catapulting operations at one end of the two-acre flight-deck. During her working-up the carrier has also provided training for her defensive forces, both Firebrands and Attackers making dummy attacks on the ship. Radar teams and A.-A. gun crews co-operated in warding off these attacks. *Eagle's* armament is considerable, and with the aid of radar her sixteen 4·5-in. guns could engage an enemy either on the sea or in the air both night and day. As a spearhead of the Fleet *Eagle* would also have battleship protection.

A FOREIGN NEWS COMMENTARY

A Pictorial Survey of Events Abroad; With Notes

BY FERDINAND TUOHY

A Great Day for the Irish.—The St. Patrick's Day parade in Dublin was the biggest ever. That 's normal nowadays; the Hollywood virus at work among the P.R.O.s and reporters. Not so normal was the nature of the parade—" 270 industrial exhibits and tableaux extending over 1½ miles."

No longer the accent on *agricultural*. How the Saint himself would have missed the farmyard concerto! But the Republic of Ireland is having £ trouble too, with an additional spur to increased industrial production from the cessation of American aid. Eire and Persia are the only two former receiving Marshall Aid which do not benefit under the successor Mutual Security scheme, because they are not members of the North Atlantic Alliance.

That did not prevent 100,000 Irish men and women celebrating " the Day " by marching up Fifth Avenue in a two-mile-long procession, bands blaring and to a transport cacophony provoked by " the most awful traffic tie-up."

In London, the principal usual observance was a dinner at Grosvenor House, at which the Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Sean Lemass, outlined new drinking possibilities for tourists from Britain. (Eire hopes to gain where the Continent loses.)

Certainly sea journeys to Ireland cost notably and inexplicably less than Channel crossings. Whereas the 25-mile journey from Dover to Calais cost £2 4s. a year ago, the 150-mile crossing from Liverpool to Dublin came to only £1 14s. 6d. The Cork run worked out even more favourably compared with Newhaven–Dieppe. All fares, of course, now up; but the mystery enduring none the less. Vessels to Ireland are as good as those to France.

THE ST. PATRICK'S DAY PARADE THROUGH THE HEART OF DUBLIN: Vehicles passing Nelson's Pillar during the anniversary celebrations. New York staged a similar show, 95,000 marchers awakening the echoes of Fifth Avenue. The Dublin parade was associated with the Government's programme to import less and produce more. Contingents of the parade were led by bands playing Irish marches.

WAFDED AWAY! Fouad Serag el-Din, strong man of Egypt's Wafd Party, and former Minister of the Interior in Egypt's Government, whose arrest was announced last week.

A TREASURE FROM WADI BEIHAN: This fine alabaster head, with eyes painted blue and with plaster curls, has been found by American explorers beneath the windswept sands of Southern Arabia. The excavations date back to the second century B.C.

The City Under the Sand.—Two thousand years divide the nature of activities in which Americans have been engaged in Arabia.

In the remote south, the American Foundation for the Study of Man is presiding over the excavation of remnants of a civilisation dating back to the second century B.C. Walls of ancient Timma have been found near Wadi Beihan, and the usual prize discoveries (" a fine alabaster head ") and evidence of trade routes in the sand have been signalled to New York.

To the north, Americans have enabled old King Abdul Aziz of Saudi Arabia to rub his hands in delight as Diesel engines pull modern passenger coaches, some air-conditioned, over 350 miles of burning railway from Dammam Port, on the Persian Gulf, to the isolated plateau capital of Riyadh. Time: ten hours. Hitherto time: ten days (with luck) by camel.

The Americans must humour his Majesty because he has the say-so in regard to OIL, and Majesty insisted that the railway should be built and *not* roads. Under rush conditions construction took three years and cost some £17,000,000, which the King will refund out of OIL. He was like a schoolboy over a Meccano set at the opening, insisting that the service should start there and then, " though the signalling system was far from finished and the stations mere temporary structures."

His Majesty hopes to see a link-up from his capital down to the Red Sea at Jeddah, and he sure will if he lives another five years

The Egyptian Political Imbroglio.—The fight is now on between the Hilaly Pasha Government, with King Farouk looming largely in the immediate background, and the dominant political party in Egypt, the Wafd, upon which the declining Nahas Pasha has lost his grip, and whose real leader, Serag el-Din, is under house arrest.

By every indication it is going to be a close-run thing in ensuing weeks and months, with the possibility of assassination ever hovering to influence events. The Premier, who agreed to put over the Palace policy of firmness, himself left the Wafd only a few months ago. If inside knowledge now aids him, it also greatly endangers him.

For the Government's best chance is to reveal Wafd corruption in all its nakedness. Personal corruption in high places, corruption in the polling booths which gave the Wafd its big majority. Revelations could act as a boomerang, for corruption had not been confined to the Wafd, but there seems to be no other way.

Unless it be to rub in at the same time how the Wafd policy, and Serag in particular, have been instrumental in accentuating the cotton crisis—large unsold stocks and a falling market for the life's blood of Egypt. To bring about such a state of affairs at the apposite moment is the very essence of Muscovite-Communist manœuvring in " capitalist " communities.

Which reminds that Hilaly and Abdin Palace are also confronted by the Moslem Brotherhood and the " Democratic Movement for National Liberation," otherwise the Communists. Of a verity, no one knows the threading together of the Wafd, the Brotherhood and the Communists.

The trio's principal plank is that the Government is weakening before the British, of which there is scant sign; just a less-enfevered atmosphere and searching for an opening to resume exchanges.

THEY RENOUNCED COMMUNISM : A group of North Koreans, captives of the United Nations forces on Koje Island, waving South Korean flags and cheering after they had fought a rival group in Stockade 93 and presumably had the better of them. During the fight South Korean guards opened fire in order to restore order, and twelve prisoners of war were apparently shot dead and twenty-six wounded, some of them severely.

The Retreat from Communism.—Much caution has to be adopted with individuals and small parties who manage to escape to the West from behind the Iron Curtain. They could easily be planted so as to hoodwink Allied Intelligence when they come to be questioned. One obvious line is to seek to convince examining officers that morale is so bad in Russia's satellite States that even a high proportion of the armed forces are in no mind to fight.

Six Czech border guards who sneaked into the U.S. Zone of Germany said more. During twelve days of interrogation they held to their belief that if there were war with the West "70 per cent. of the Czech forces would probably desert." Strong meat; yet the genuineness of these young men came out in the utter gladness on their countenances, a content such as could not have been faked. And they want to emigrate to North America or Australia.

Similar unfeigned joy on the faces of five Rumanian Service aviators who flew over to Yugoslavia. While scarcely up to date or illuminating with their opening gambit—"We had nothing to lose but our chains"—they then made the surprising statement that Rumanians all hoped that a war was imminent, as they wanted to get rid of the Russians.

The French have a phrase for that: "*Merci beaucoup pour la langouste.*" Originally uttered by a guest who could not surmount the richness of the feast.

In coming over to Titoland, the Rumanians chose a country where there is also evidence of a retreat from Communism. The Marshal himself is anxious about it. He says that local Communism has grown paler and that Yugoslavs are being drenched "by the wave of petty bourgeois conceptions from the West." What was needed was a new type of Social Democracy.

I seem to have heard the same thing much nearer home in the past few days; a call for "a new voice in European Socialism."

Meanwhile, a second Free Europe transmitting station has opened up from Lisbon, in support of the pioneer station at Munich. These privately-run additions to the Voices of America and Britain owe their inception to General Clay, former U.S. Military Governor in Germany, who knew what he was about. He believed it possible to gain the ascendancy by a constant showing-up of Communist propaganda for the stacked lies that so much of it is, and in so doing, to inspire the bold to escape.

THE RUMANIAN AIRMEN WHO FLED TO YUGOSLAVIA : The five aviators seen at Belgrade after their escape in a German-built aircraft of First World War vintage. They asked the Yugoslav Government for political asylum. The airmen complained that conditions in their homeland had become intolerable under Russian domination, and said "We had nothing to lose except our chains." Left to right—Sergeant Eugen Horoyanu, twenty-nine, the plane's radio operator; Lieutenant Joan Bucar, twenty-eight, medical officer; Lieutenant Deimitru Piturka, thirty-nine, pilot of the aircraft; Second Lieutenant Joan Ghinea, twenty-six, an Air Force Political Commissar; and Sergeant Georg Curea, twenty-three, aircraft mechanic.

POLICE ESCORT FOR FRAU HELENA WESSEL : Berlin police attempting to protect the former Centre Party leader as she left a political rally in the U.S. Sector of Berlin. Helena Wessel, who was attacked with stones, is one of the initiators of a relatively small organisation called "Emergency Union for Peace," which anti-Communists regard as camouflaged Communism.

UNWILLING TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED : Ex-Russian Colonel Vasali Ershov covering his face with his hat as he left the U.S. Courthouse in Chicago after testifying in the Katyn Forest massacre hearing. Ershov declared that a drunk and bragging Red Army captain had boasted to him of the Katyn massacre in which more than 10,000 Polish Army officers were slain near Smolensk in 1940.

THESE SIX CZECH BORDER GUARDS HAVE FLED TO GERMANY : They told newspapermen on arrival at Straubing, Bavaria, that anti-Communism is increasing in Czechoslovakia and friendship for the West is growing steadily. The six young men deserted their guard post on the Czech border near Waidhaus on the night of March 1 and then emerged in the U.S. Zone of Germany. They were permitted to talk to the Press a fortnight later, but not before they had undergone twelve days of interrogation by U.S. Army authorities.

An uncertain quantity concerns the amount of reception that is possible behind the Curtain. As they are jamming the West more and more, so the Russians and their puppets are seeing to it that listening-sets are fewer and more enfeebled.

Libyan Gamble.—Visitors of mark were served only with lemonade as the Libyan Police Band played Scottish airs on their bagpipes outside Benghazi's Manar Palace on the occasion of the sixtieth birthday of King Idris I.

I once met a distinguished English composer while he was flying to Tunis, to get inspiration from the distraught noises made by Arab musicians in the Souks. Now here is a chance for Arabs to fill the desert air with sweet northern strains.

They should in due course be able to work up a daring dance for tourists, to terrific flourishes on the pipes.

A present for the new Libya as a whole is circulating in the form of a new currency minted in London. A rush job, it comprises 25,000,000 pieces in part-nickel and bronze, in five denominations.

As in most other places, economics will decide in Libya, decide whether the first U.N. State is viable. *The Times* has made reference to "a gamble." The variety of views on Libya has been topped off by General de Gaulle, who thinks the Italians should not have been dispossessed governmentally (20,000 Italian settlers of the '30's are not moving).

CELEBRATIONS AT BENGHAZI ON THE OCCASION OF THE SIXTIETH BIRTHDAY OF KING IDRIS I : Left to right—H.E. Abdel Aziz Hamzawi (Assistant Chief of the Royal Cabinet), Nabeel Sayed Abdalla Abed El Senussi, Mr. Christopher Tower (Adviser to the King), and Nabeel Ahmed Ben Idris El Senussi. The two Nabeels are Lords and are cousins of the King. On the morning of the King's birthday members of the Diplomatic Corps and dignitaries of the new North African State called at the Manar Palace in order to pay their respects.

On right — **PLAYING THE BAGPIPES OUTSIDE THE MANAR PALACE AT BENGHAZI : This was one of the highlights of the Royal birthday. Visitors to the Palace who came to congratulate the King were served with lemonade and sweetmeats. They signed the King's birthday book on arrival. The Palace was once the home of Marshal Graziani, the Italian Viceroy.**

TOM CONNALLY HAS HIS SAY : The Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, the celebrated Texan Democrat, seen interviewing Mr. Averell Harriman (right), the Mutual Security Director, before the start of testimony in Washington on America's new foreign aid programme. Mr. Connally indicated Congressional reluctance to vote the full amount of foreign aid for defence, and one Press report said that he "hauled Mr. Harriman over the coals" during the course of this interview.

Tom Connally, Texan.—Texans talk loud, wear loud hats, are big and broad, and Senator Tom Connally is no exception. I met him at Church House in 1946, when he was over here with the late Senator Vandenberg for the first United Nations Assembly. Silvery hair and all that.

Connally is now Chairman of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, one of those American curiosities which enable freely ill-informed or prejudiced professional politicians to drag their moral and mental betters over the coals.

Senator Connally had the suave, infinitely knowledgeable Mr. Harriman up to the table in Washington, like some errant schoolboy, and railed at him. In particular about projected payments of £214,000,000 and £143,000,000 to Britain and France respectively.

The Senator refused to understand when Mr. Harriman patiently explained that the new support was to enable countries to shoulder the defence expansion programme.

You want Tom Connally's fine approach? Okay: "If these countries aren't willing to do something to defend themselves, it's not our responsibility and it's not to our interest."

LAND FOR ITALY'S PEASANTS

An Experiment in Agrarian Reform Brings New Hope to the Peasants of the South

THE ITALIAN MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE AT THE LAND-DISTRIBUTION CEREMONY: The Minister, Signor Fanfani, emphasizes a point with peculiarly Italian gestures during his speech on the occasion of handing over land to families of peasants in Lucania, in the south of Italy.

THE CITY OF MATERA, IN SOUTHERN ITALY, AT DAWN ON THE DAY HERALDING A NEW ERA: On this day officials of Church and State gathered for the ceremony when peasant families were given documents endowing them as landowners, bringing forth their own produce from their own land, and heralding for them a new age of prosperity. This was one of the first steps taken by the Italian Social-Democrat Government in its programme of land reform. Many of the people of Matera have lived in the caves of near-by Monte Scaglioso since the invading Turks drove them from their homes.

THE CHURCH AS THE OLDEST AGRARIAN REFORMER: That was the theme chosen by the Bishop of Tursi, seen here making his speech at the land-distributing ceremony. Resting against the building in the background are slogans carried by supporters of the Government.

PEASANTS AND POLITICIANS MARCH TO THE CEREMONY: At last the peasants are owners of their own land, using the modern agricultural machinery which can be seen behind them. The ceremony took place on the coastal plain of Metapontum, in the province of Lucania.

A LUCANIAN PEASANT EXAMINES THE DOCUMENT ENDOWING HIM WITH LAND: Like most agricultural workers in southern Italy the man is illiterate, but he hopes that the print he is scrutinising spells ultimate security.

Overshadowed by the turbulence of European politics, a revolution is quietly taking place in Italy. Much of the land belonging to big landowners is being taken from them and carefully distributed to the peasants, who for generations have cultivated it under conditions of the most severe poverty.

The demand for land reform in Italy is centuries old and has always become intensified in periods of restlessness. "Land for the Peasant!" has been the popular cry of many a politician, not all of them inspired by pure altruism. With the birth-rate and unemployment figures soaring, a general solution of the land problem seems the peasants' only alternative to unwelcomed emigration.

Crowded central and southern Italy is still mainly agricultural, and in contrast to other countries where there has been an exodus from the country to the towns and industrial centres, the number of Italian farm labourers is higher than ever before. Nine or ten peasants, or *contadini* as they are called, work and live on a strip of land that could be cultivated by three. And in some parts of the countryside half the *contadini* are unemployed.

This situation called for the most drastic measures, and in December 1947 the Social-Democrat Government announced in a revolutionary decree its intention to limit land ownership. This was interpreted as a means not only of solving the land problem but also of disarming the Communists, who had always laid heavy stress on agrarian reform and had opposed the Government's previous suggestions as being too mild. There was opposition, too, from the Conservatives: a system that penalises the big landowners, they said, would destroy the only appreciable source of farm production.

In May 1950 the Government kept its promise by issuing a preliminary law known as *stralcio*, which may be roughly translated as "the first step of a general law to follow." The *stralcio* law provides nearly 700,000 hectares (there are 2·47 acres to the hectare) to be distributed among 100,000 peasant families in central and southern Italy, Sicily and Sardinia. Compensation to the landowners involved, most of them absentee barons living in Rome, is to be paid for in Government bonds or Treasury funds, to be restored, theoretically, by the peasants' payment of their debt after a term of thirty years.

To the abjectly poor, illiterate peasant of central and southern Italy, the inheritance of even a stony patch of

IN THE MOUNTAINS ABOVE THE FIELDS OF METAPONTUM LIFE GOES ON AS USUAL : The distribution of land to the peasant families means little to the old man struggling with his burden of faggots up the steep mountain paths. But the face of the young girl shines with hope and the expectation of prosperity. The soil of this country is yellow and barren, demanding great skill in cultivating and vast quantities of fertilisers for the produce it may one day yield.

A CARABINIERI GUARDS THE DEEDS OF PROPERTY TO BE HANDED TO THE GRAVE-FACED PEASANTS : Hope and scepticism mingle as the new landowners wonder whether prosperity is indeed at hand.

A LUCANIAN FAMILY, SEATED ON A NEW THRESHING MACHINE, DISCUSS THEIR CONTRACT : The law provides for payment of their debt to the Government after a period of thirty years. Meanwhile they have the struggle to consolidate their gains and provide security for their children.

ground would come as a major event in his life. In the southern provinces of Calabria and Lucania, where the *stralcio* law was first enforced, the peasant, with mixed feelings of hope and scepticism, has experienced this miracle and become a landowner.

The Lucanian peasants, among them Gothic blondes and Greek types bearing the traces of early invasions and another civilisation, have, in spite of their backwardness, a curious, natural distinction : they charm the visitor with their intuitive delicacy and frank good nature. They are intensely hospitable under conditions so primitive that a family must usually share their room, or cave, with the horse or cow they may own.

As a part of the scheme for redistributing land, twenty-five bus-loads of these Lucanian families recently assembled on the coastal plain, together with various officials, priests, reporters and sightseers, to collect their deeds of land ownership. The ceremony began with a Mass and a speech by the Bishop of Tursi; declarations by Party officials alternated with music and parades heralding Premier de Gasperi and Signor Fanfani, the Minister of Agriculture. Bread and wine were distributed in the fields, and the peasants, seated among the shining rows of new farming machinery, discussed the great event. It was a momentous day for them, they knew; but they knew also that the struggle for life did not end with the acquisition of land, and that prosperity would come only by hard work from them and their children.

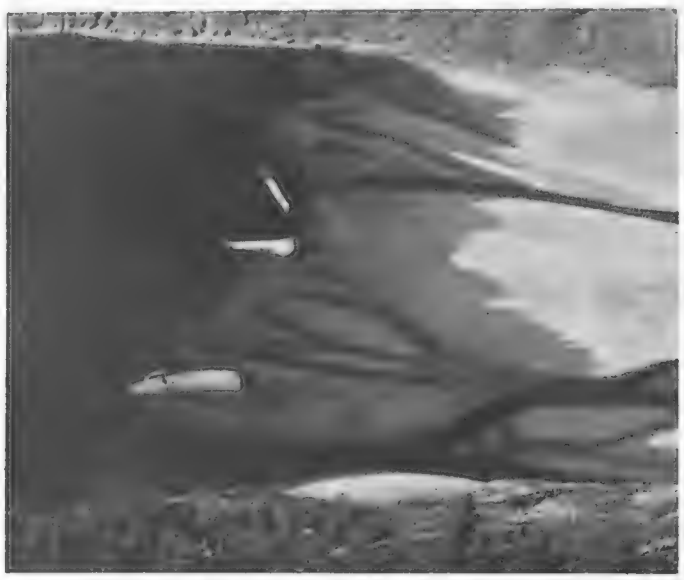
While the transfer of land has an undeniable psychological value in encouraging the peasant and giving him a new start, the land will be useless without the materials necessary for its profitable cultivation. Further billions of liras will be needed to instruct the peasant in modern farming techniques; for irrigation, machinery, seeds, houses and roads. Unless this is done, thirty years of work will not pay for the land. First debts, then mortgages, and finally dispossession will result. That is what happened in the cases of many peasants who were given land in the Fascist era.

Italians generally agree that the Government errs in overlooking the peasant's lack of mental preparedness. The necessary education is missing, and for that reason the newly-endowed peasant feels a certain despair with his triumph. Italy has seen innumerable expropriations, and millions of hectares have changed hands under land reform, leaving the rural population as poor as before. Something more than mere land is needed.

NARVIK, TWELVE YEARS AFTER

THE PORT OF NARVIK FROM THE NORTH: After being partly destroyed during the war, the town is now largely rebuilt, and it is a thriving port once again. The iron-ore railway and harbour are over the hill on the other side of the town. It was on April 10, 1940, that Captain B. A. W. Warburton-Lee and his destroyer flotilla fought their brilliant action.

H.M.S. "HARDY" STILL LIES WHERE SHE WAS BEACHED NEAR NARVIK: In this gallant action Captain Warburton-Lee, the Commander of the *Hardy*, lost his life, and was posthumously awarded the Victoria Cross. The survivors of the *Hardy* went ashore and later some of them joined up with the British Expeditionary Force.



A REMINDER OF A FAMOUS VICTORY: The head of Rombaksfiord, showing, embedded in the delta of mud and sand washed down by the river flowing into the fiord, the wrecks of the three German destroyers pursued there and annihilated by a group of British destroyers led by H.M.S. *Eskimo*.

It was at dawn on April 10, 1940, almost twelve years ago, that Captain Warburton-Lee, in the destroyer *Hardy*, made the signal "Going into action," and led his flotilla up West Fiord to attack the German destroyers and shore batteries at Narvik. The story of that gallant action is well known; more than a dozen German ships were sunk or badly damaged, but the destroyer *Hunter* was sunk, and the *Hardy*, with her Commander mortally wounded, was so badly damaged that she had to be beached.

The British destroyers withdrew and the next attack, three days later, was carried out by the battleship *Warspite* escorted by nine destroyers. All the remaining German ships were then annihilated.

The town of Narvik suffered badly in these naval actions, and later during the occupation; but it has been largely rebuilt and is now a bright and thriving town once more. Lying in a delightful mountain setting at the junction of three beautiful fiords, it earns its living by the export of iron ore brought to it by the Ofot railway over the mountains from Sweden.

Although there are few signs of the aftermath of war in the town of Narvik, there are along the fiords near by many rusting hulls of the victims of the wartime naval actions.

FROM NORWAY'S FIORDS TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE

A Pictorial Record of the News from Many Lands

THE RE-DEVELOPMENT OF ITALY'S ABANDONED INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—WORK GOES AHEAD ON THE VAST EXHIBITION SITE NEAR THE BASILICA OF ST. PAUL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ROME: A view of the empty, tall, marble palaces which are the only results of a pre-war plan for Italy's biggest international Exhibition. Near by is the obelisk erected in memory of Guclielmo Marconi.

The two main objects of the great Exhibition planned by the Italians in 1937 were to have a World Exhibition in Rome and later to create a 1,038-acre residential district on the banks of the River Tiber. Construction on the Exhibition building went ahead until the outbreak of war, when all building on the site was stopped. After the war homeless Italians were billeted in the marble halls and an International Refugee Organisation camp was erected on the site. Now, fifteen years later, under the leadership of Professor Virgilio Testa, the original project is going ahead, but the date of the proposed International Exhibition is not yet known. So far, the Italian Government has spent 600,000,000 lira on the project. The residential district which will replace the Exhibition will be served by a twelve-minute underground train service to Rome's main station.

CAPE TOWN'S £3,000,000 FESTIVAL FAIR

AN HISTORIC ENTERPRISE IN THE SHADOW OF TABLE MOUNTAIN: This was the scene at the opening by Dr. Jansen, Governor-General of South Africa, of the Van Riebeeck Festival Fair.

The fair, organised as part of the celebration of the tercentenary of the landing of Van Riebeeck to found a victualling station at the Cape, provides a full picture of South African industry and history, and includes pavilions marking the country's connection with the Netherlands and Britain. In his speech at the opening ceremony, Dr. Jansen commented on the high quality of the South African products on show and said that in retrospect the fair might well prove as important a milestone in South African industry and trade as the 1851 Exhibition in Britain. South African industries, which hitherto had been producing mainly for the home market, were now beginning more and more to look for exports, he said. The fair covers more than 45 acres on land reclaimed from the sea on the Cape Town foreshore, and the value of the exhibits and pavilions is estimated to be more than £3,000,000. Great crowds are visiting Cape Town for the festival, and three tent towns have been established for those who are unable to find other lodgings. In the final week of the celebrations which is now just beginning, there will be pageants commemorating three centuries of South African history. The festival fair and the events in the stadium are open to all races.

VENICE: A GONDOLIER'S FUNERAL PROCESSION

200,000 VENETIANS PAY THEIR LAST RESPECTS TO ONE OF THE OLDEST GONDOLIERS ON THE GRAND CANAL : Dressed in their best black uniforms, gondoliers of Venice's City Hall row the gondola conveying the flower-draped coffin of Arturo Cucchiero, aged sixty-three, to his last resting-place, while his family and a special delegation of gondoliers follow. Arturo, one of the oldest practising gondoliers, and generally considered their leader, had won the annual Gondola Regatta fourteen times. As an appreciation of his services to the city, Venice municipal authorities paid for his funeral. A crowd estimated at 200,000 witnessed the funeral procession as it passed on its way down the Grand Canal. The great annual regatta on Grand Canal, held in celebration of the Feast of the Redemption, takes place on the first Sunday in September. During the regatta the gondoliers group their craft according to size and type, and each section races down the canal. The regatta originated during the thirteenth century after the ruling Doge had watched a procession of colourfully-draped gondolas stream across the bay in honour of the Feast of the Assumption.

THE H-BOMB PLANT ON THE CAROLINA SHORE

THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE AMERICAN HYDROGEN-BOMB PLANT : Slim metal tanks stand like a cluster of trees at the H-bomb plant along the South Carolina shore of the Savannah Ridge, near Augusta, Georgia. This picture, taken from the window of a train passing within half a mile of the plant, is the first to be approved by the Atomic Energy Commission for publication. The plant is being built by E. I. Dupont de Nemours and Company Incorporated, and it is believed that the total cost will be somewhere in the region of 1,000,000,000 dollars. The project is, of course, of the utmost secrecy, President Truman himself having ordered the most rigid precautions to be taken. In this picture, however, nothing but a fence of barbed wire, such as may be seen protecting any ordnance dump in this country, seems to stand between the atomic plant and the public highway.

THEY WERE MARRIED IN MENTON

WEDDING BY SPECIAL DISPENSATION : Miss Edwina de Winton Wills, nineteen-year-old heiress to part of the Wills tobacco fortune, and Lord Savernake, son of the Earl of Cardigan, being married in Menton Town Hall by the Mayor, who required the bride and bridegroom to produce a special dispensation from the Prefect of the Alpes Maritimes in Nice and from the Attorney-General of the Riviera, the young couple not having adequate residential qualifications.

THE NEWLY-WEDS SIGN THE REGISTER : Lord Savernake and his bride at Menton Town Hall after the Mayor had performed the marriage ceremony. Witness for the bridegroom was Mr. George Doughty, a London lawyer. Mrs. Madeleine Hare, of Menton, was witness for the bride. Mr. Doughty flew from London with a letter from Colonel Wills, the bride's father, without which Miss Wills, a minor, could not have been married in France. Only the witnesses and the bride and bridegroom were present at the ceremony, which was short. The couple drove to the Town Hall in a green 1928 model car and entered by the back entrance to avoid a crowd of about fifty onlookers. After the ceremony a reception was held in honour of the bride and bridegroom at the Villa Oiseau Bleu, the home of the bride's uncle, Major George Wills. Then the couple left for the first part of their honeymoon at Cannes. The bride said that she planned to confirm the wedding with a church ceremony in England.

TARTAN TROUBLE IN KOREA

A DISPUTE IN KOREA ON THE USE OF THE ROYAL STEWART TARTAN : These three members of the American Second Infantry Division Bagpipers' Band, surrounded by smiling and curious Koreans of various ages, were pictured in full dress before the spot of bother which began with the siege of Kunu-ri during November 1950. At that time the band was dispersed and the pipers forsook their pipes for rifles, and their tartans for khaki. Recently the band was re-formed and some indignation was expressed when it was suggested that they now wore the Royal Stewart tartan, normally reserved for the Royal family and a few famous Scottish regiments. The American pipers were trained by Sergeant Eric Bradford, of the K.O.S.B.s in Korea, who said that his pupils quickly mastered the difficult instruments. Whether the tartans they wear are indeed Royal Stewart no one seems to be sure.

THE WAR IN INDO-CHINA

COUNTERING THE VIET-MINH PINCER

The Critical Battles in the Red River Delta in Tonking

For months—for years, in fact—the French people have been questioning the cost of the war in Indo-China, and, now that they have come to a financial crisis in their affairs, more and more voices are being raised in and out of Parliament regarding the futility of this costly colonial war. By no means all those voices are Communist-inspired. This crisis comes at the same time as the guerilla war in Indo-China has tested the French most severely, the latest pincer movement by 20,000 guerillas having caused havoc in the Red River Delta defences of the French and Viet Nam forces. The recent battle of Hoa Binh, which lasted in all about three months, cost the Viet-minh 10,000 men. It was an all-out effort to capture Hanoi, and it did not quite succeed. At the time of writing the French have regained the initiative, but the outlook is not bright. The Paris newspaper *Le Monde* has, indeed, been printing articles advocating French withdrawal in Indo-China. The latest of these articles has declared: "Our ammunition supplies are at present feeding Indo-Chinese dumps which the fighting in Tonking is emptying at an unbearable pace. More shells are being used than are being manufactured, and the cost of the war far exceeds the figures which are officially admitted by the Government."

A VIET-MINH GUERILLA EMERGES FROM HIS FOX-HOLE UNDER THE SURVEILLANCE OF TWO FRENCH INFANTRYMEN: They were engaged in mopping-up an area in the Red River Delta where the Viet-minh forces had recently penetrated in great numbers. There has been much uneasiness in France over the recent turn of events, particularly in view of the fact that the guerillas were within twenty miles of Hanoi before they were halted.

MOPPING-UP IN AN OPEN FIELD: French infantrymen deployed in a difficult area where the guerillas had established themselves in fox-holes out in the open. These isolated guerillas were risking almost certain death in carrying out a lay-back action against the French, but they proved capable of causing immense havoc against advancing troops.

GUARDING A JUNGLE CLEARING: An armoured car with caterpillar tractors assisting in operations against the guerillas in the Red River Delta during the climax of the recent battles.

TROOPS BEING TRANSPORTED TO THE ASSAULT IN AN ALLIGATOR: Crossing one of the numerous rivers in the area of the Red River Delta, the scene of so much desperate fighting in recent days.

"CRABS" IN THE PADDY-FIELD AND IN THE RIVER: *Left*—A Crab operating over a rice-growing area. *Right*—French troops going ashore. Their amphibious vehicles are well suited to the terrain, and have helped the French greatly in their difficult fight, which has been rendered even more difficult by shortage of ammunition.

HOLLAND'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE £3,000,000 FESTIVAL FAIR BUILT ON RECLAIMED LAND IN TABLE BAY: This is a replica of the market-place at Culemborg, the birth-place of Jan van Riebeeck, the Dutchman who landed with a small company of men and women at the Cape in 1652, built a fort and vegetable gardens, and so set up the first permanent white settlement in the Cape. The Festival Fair is twice the size of London's South Bank Exhibition staged in 1951, and it is the largest fair ever held in South Africa. The stands of 500 exhibitors are distributed over a 50-acre site. The British building is disappointing, but British residents have filled the gap by building a thatched English village complete with maypole, church tower and inn. (See also page 498 of this issue.)

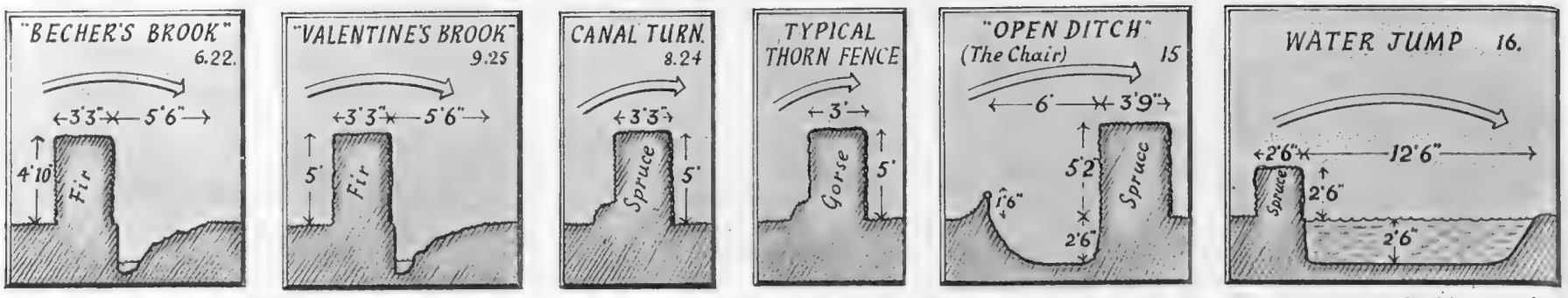
THE VAN RIEBEECK FESTIVAL CELEBRATIONS

COMMEMORATING THE LANDING OF THE FIRST WHITE SETTLERS IN THE CAPE

THE SOUTH AFRICANS CALL IT "MUCH-BINDING-IN-THE-MARSH": This is the English village at the South African Festival Fair. The village even has a signpost pointing the way to London and giving the distance—6,029½ miles.

ZULU RICKSHAW BOYS FROM DURBAN TAKE VISITORS ROUND THE FESTIVAL FAIR-GROUND IN CAPE TOWN: They are here seen in their magnificent head-dresses outside the Cape Town Pavilion. Earlier in the century they were a main means of transport in Durban, and a tremendous tourist attraction.

THE SOUTHERN RHODESIAN EXHIBIT IS MODELLED ON THE FAMOUS ZIMBABWE RUINS: The Zimbabwe ruins have long been one of the great mysteries of Central Africa. One view is that they were erected under the influence of Arabian gold-seekers.



AINTREE'S CHIEF OBSTACLES—SIX JUMPS ON THE FAMOUS CIRCUIT WHICH TEST TO THE UTMOST THE ABILITY OF HORSE AND MAN: Becher's is known for its tremendous drop on the landing side, and Valentine's offers the same test. The Canal Turn is exacting because the course turns sharply at this point and some of the riders naturally attempt to jump the fence at an angle in order to cut down the distance they have to travel. The Chair is remarkable for the width of the spruce fence lying beyond the open ditch and guard-rail, while the water jump comes next and provides a spectacular sight for those who have gathered in the near-by stands.

RIDING IN THE GRAND NATIONAL

First and Foremost It is a Test of Practical Horsemanship Rather Than of Jockeyship, and for This Reason the Hunting Man is at a Distinct Advantage

By JOHN HISLOP (Jockey and Journalist)

WITH DRAWINGS BY SNAFFLES AND JULIET McCLEOD, AND DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWINGS BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD

The Grand National, like the Derby, is a race apart. Other races are contested over the Derby course and other races are contested over some of the Grand National jumps, but the fact remains that here are two tests of skill without compare.

The Grand National is beyond doubt the most spectacular race in the world, covering as it does some thirty jumps over a double circuit of 4 miles 856 yards, and, as John Hislop shows in his article, the great pace at which it is run from start to finish imposes heavy demands upon horse and rider alike. The Grand National is a race calling for special tactics, and above all quick decision and abundant courage, and no matter what is said at the time, no matter what the winner's antecedents may be, the horse who emerges from the ruck at Aintree to gallop past the winning-post will undoubtedly be among the great steeplechasers of all time. Few bad horses win the Grand National, but it cannot be gainsaid that some rather curious-looking horses have won it in times past.

In this special SPHERE *feature, which is being published a week before the Grand National of 1952, John Hislop, Brian Vesey Fitzgerald and Snaffles have brought together some of the outstanding facts and figures about the race, touching upon the highlights of its history since it was inaugurated in 1839. In her drawings Juliet McCleod shows dramatic incidents in past races, most notably the surprise win by the 100 to 1 outsider Tipperary Tim when the American Billy Barton came down at the last fence in 1928, and that tragic day when the late Lord Mildmay ran out on Davy Jones.*

THE CANAL TURN—THE LANDING SIDE OF THE FENCE WHERE THAT FICKLE JADE LUCK SO OFTEN CHANGES HER MIND: In this drawing Snaffles shows the Grand National field charging over the formidable spruce fence. Two of the riders are hampered, it will be seen, as they make their turn to the left at this point where the course bends sharply. One of them is almost at a standstill because the rider near him is crashing to the ground. Another is momentarily checked by the loose horse in the foreground. "I have noticed," writes Snaffles, "that the folk one sees in the vicinity of the Canal Turn are not the usual racing crowd, but by the shape of their bowler hats 'ye shall know them as foxhunters,' and are not serious backers. They are much more interested in the riding of the jockeys and the performances of the horses than in their pound each-way bets. I still retain in my memory incidents of brilliant horsemanship at the Canal Turn. As far back as Glenside's year I recollect the 'debacle' that it was. Why it should have been I do not know, for the weather and going were first-class. Rumour had it that the foreman who was responsible for the fences was heard to remark that 'he took damn good care them Frenchmen did not win again'—Lutteur had beaten the favourite two years previously and he and Trianon were entered in that year's race." Glenside provided J. R. Anthony with the first of his three winning Grand National rides.

TO any steeplechase rider, be he professional or amateur, there is no experience within his calling comparable to that of taking part in the Grand National. It is not merely that it is the most exacting and important of all races in the steeplechasing world, and therefore demands much in point of endurance, nerve, security of seat and luck; and is the most coveted—and for the professional, the most lucrative—prize of its kind. It is an event which attracts interest in fields extending far beyond the comparatively limited confines of the world of the Turf. Like the Boat Race, it is something more than a contest of sport: it is a traditional occasion in the English year—an occasion more thrilling, dramatic and unpredictable in outlook than any other. In a matter of seconds the brightest hopes can be shattered, the gloomiest outlook be suddenly lightened, and victory is never assured until the winning-post.

It is, I think, the sense of the greatness of the occasion that, in the mind of a jockey, most distinguishes a ride in the National—something in the nature of the pride felt by one who has fought in a notable action, marched with a famous expedition of exploration, or shared the excitements and dangers of an undertaking which has come under the public eye.

From the practical aspect, too, the National is quite different from any other race, not excepting the several steeplechases which take place over part of the same course, the latter being run at a slower pace, having fewer runners and being shorter.

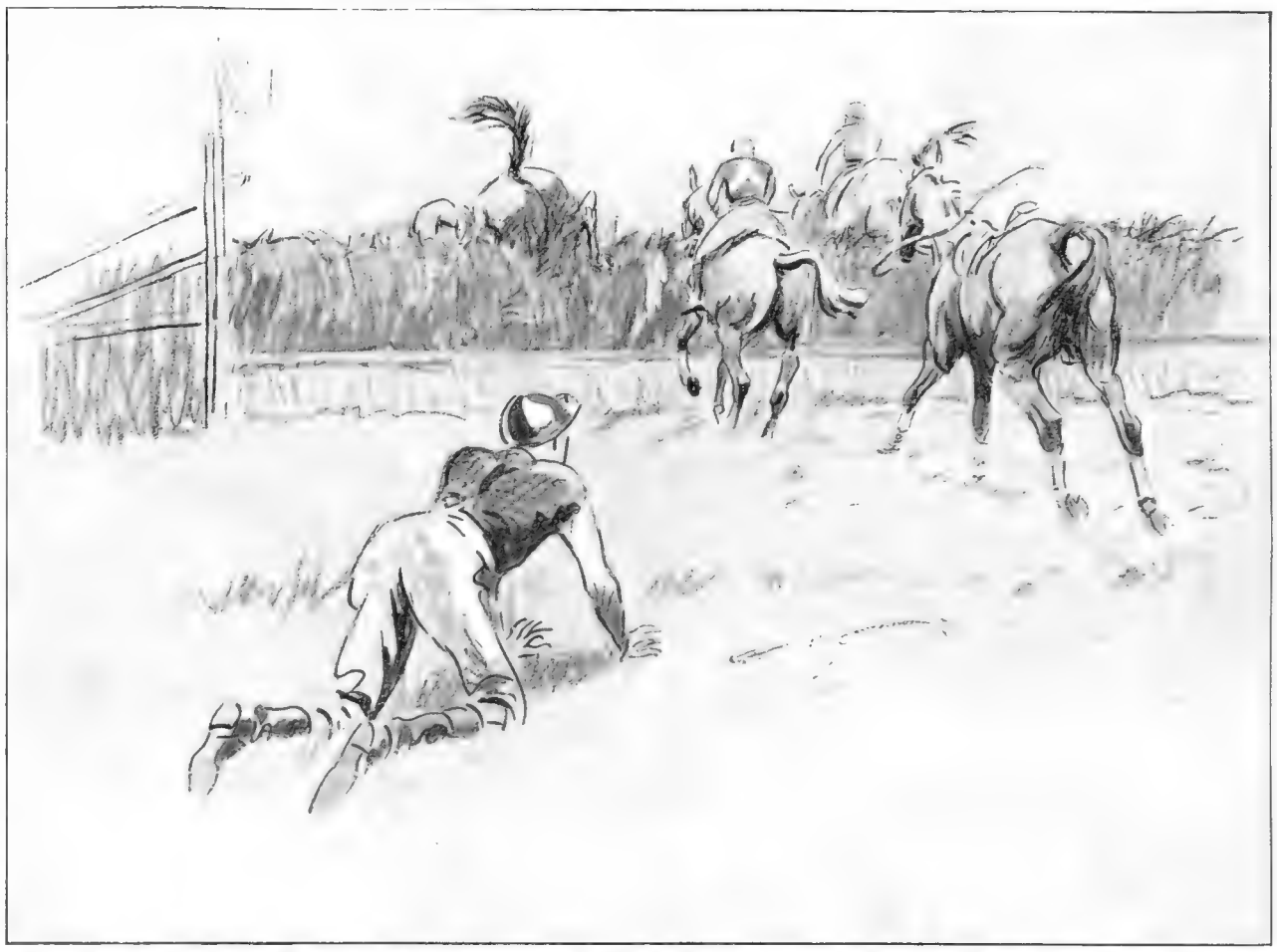
To start with, the National is the longest race under National Hunt Rules, its distance being 4½ miles. Besides, the fences are bigger, stronger and more upright than those encountered on any other course, and in the case of most of them there is a considerable drop on the landing side, while some of them are met at an awkward angle, owing to the sharp changes in direction of parts of the course. Other geographical characteristics peculiar to Aintree are that there is a distinct camber to the track, all the way from the first fence to Becher's Brook, which is the sixth fence on the first circuit and the twenty-second on the second, and the distance from the last fence to the winning-post is a good deal longer than is usually the case. Though the course is left-handed, most horses are inclined to jump to the right. There are invariably a large number of runners, the record field numbering sixty-six, and as a result there is liable to be a certain amount of unavoidable jostling as well as considerable interference from loose horses. Partly because of excitement arising from the importance of the race, and partly because of the desire to get a clear run among the leading bunch ahead of the body of the field, and in view of many runners having a light weight to carry, the race is always run at a fast pace. This, as much as anything else, accounts for the numerous falls, as horses either tire or are not given time enough to approach the fences with the balance and deliberation demanded by their size.

Thus, there are a number of somewhat conflicting problems which a jockey must face—problems which must be dealt with according to circumstances and the characteristics of the horse he is riding.

Since, as opposed to the average steeplechase, more horses fail to complete the National course than succeed, the first objective is to get round. To achieve this, the rider must avoid falling off—it is very seldom that a remounted horse wins the race—must keep clear of interference, and must give his horse a fair chance of jumping each fence—even if a horse does not fall, loss of ground and energy through making mistakes can cost him the race. He must be a horseman before he is a jockey, for, first and foremost, the National is a test of practical horsemanship rather than jockeyship, for which reason it is so often won by a rider who has been a hunting man before he became a jockey. Over this course, it does not pay to ride with too short stirrup-leathers and reins, or with too far forward an inclination of the body; equally so, the most satisfactory results are not obtained by resorting to the opposite extremes. A style resembling something between the two methods usually proves the best.

In the matters of tactics, a jockey must be guided by the qualities of his horse and the way in which the

JOHN HISLOP, THE AUTHOR OF THE ACCOMPANYING ARTICLE : John Hislop, who has had the distinction of coming in third in the Grand National on Sir Allan Gordon-Smith's Kami, and who has won a host of races over the sticks and on the flat, was born at Quetta in 1911. He was trained in the ways of the turf as a pupil of V. P. Gilpin at Clarehaven, Newmarket, from 1931 to 1939. He is also well known as a journalist.



"WELL, ANYWAY, I'LL BE SLEEPING AISEY TO-NIGHT"—AN IRISH JOCKEY CONTEMPLATES THE RETREATING GRAND NATIONAL FIELD : In this drawing Snaffles conjures up one of the little tragedies of the Grand National which the knowledgeable jockey knows are quite inevitable, for a race run at this pace brings a crop of falls from the moment of reaching the first fence, the horse and rider never having time to get properly balanced before the jostling and scrimmaging begin

race is run. If he is on a fast, strong horse, who is a good stayer and a safe jumper, he cannot do better than keep as close to the inside as possible and lay up in the first six all the way. If he is on a horse who is not such a good jumper, or so strongly built, but is fast and stays, he will probably do better to take a course more towards the middle of the track ; here (because of the camber), the drop is not so great on the landing side of the first six fences, and he will not experience the same crowding for the inside. On a slow horse, or a doubtful stayer, he will be better to go steadily for the first part of the race, improving his position gradually when he starts on the last lap. This does not mean that he should be in the ruck—very few winners come from the back of the field—but that he should be behind the leading group. If such horses are asked to go too fast in the early stages, they will not get to the other end, the slow horse because his heart is being asked to work at too quick a rate, the doubtful stayer because he will exhaust his stamina. Under these circumstances, there is the choice of taking a place on the inside or towards the middle of the course—the outside should always be avoided, since it means going a long way round and, over the first six fences, offers the disadvantage of the steeper drop resulting from the camber—and the rider will have to make up his mind which route he will take, depending upon what is happening around him and how his horse is going. Very often, there is an excellent run to be obtained on the inside behind the leading bunch.

In all, there are thirty fences to be jumped, sixteen on the first circuit and fourteen on the second, the water jump and the big open-ditch in front of the stands, known as the Chair, being jumped only once. On a horse who has never been round Aintree before, it is as well to sit tight over the first fence, even though it is not a big one and the horse is the best of jumpers, since the drop may take him by surprise and cause him to overbalance on landing, because he has not allowed for it. Over all the drop fences, a horse needs complete freedom of his head and neck when landing—while jumping Becher's Brook, which has the biggest drop, a horse's nose will sometimes scrape the ground merely through the steepness of the angle at which he is landing—and care must be taken not to interfere with him at this moment.

Owing to the size and strength of the fences, it is essential to approach each one with increasing impetus in the last few strides, and there is no worse ride than a half-hearted horse at Aintree.

Though more start than finish, the average of injured horses and jockeys is low, and all who have experienced it will agree that there is nothing to compare with the thrill of riding in the National ; from the awesome and silent dignity of the parade, to the snapped tension of the charge at the start, the exhilaration of soaring over Becher's and the Chair, and the lightening of the heart as the last fence is crossed safely. And even if one does not win, or falls by the wayside before the end of the race, there will be more glory in that defeat than in many victories.

STATISTICS AND THE "NATIONAL"

Some Facts and Figures for Those Who Believe in Signs and Portents

The favourite has won 23 times.
100 to 1 chances have won 7 times.
The shortest price favourite to win was Poethlyn, *at 11 to 4, in 1919.*
The average starting price since 1900 is 25 to 1.
The average weight carried by winners since 1839 is 10 st. 12¾ lb.
The average weight carried by winners since 1900 is 10 st. 13½ lb.
The average age of winners in the last 31 races is 9 years.
Of the 108 winners all have been 8 years or more except

Five 5-year-olds,
Sixteen 6-year-olds,
Thirteen 7-year-olds.

13 mares have won.
12 stallions have won.
7 horses have won twice :

Peter Simple	**1849, 1853**
Abd-el-Kader	**1850, 1851**
The Lamb	**1868, 1871**
The Colonel	**1869, 1870**
Manifesto	**1897, 1899**
Poethlyn	**1918, 1919**
Reynoldstown	**1935, 1936**

Four horses have carried the top weight (12 st. 7 lb.) to victory :

Cloister	**1893**
Manifesto	**1899**
Jerry M.	**1912**
Poethlyn	**1919**

One jockey (George Stevens, a professional) won 5 times.
6 jockeys (3 amateurs and 3 professionals) have won 3 times.
5 jockeys (3 amateurs and 2 professionals) have won twice.
1 grey horse has won.
3 black horses have won.
All the rest have been bays or browns, with browns slightly the more frequent.

CHADWICK'S FLYING VOLUNTARY, A HIGH-DIVING ACT IN GLENSIDE'S YEAR RECORDED BY SNAFFLES : "Luck is ever the incalculable element in the Grand National," writes Snaffles, "for the greatest certainty is so often cheated of winning by her flirtatious whims, and a really great horse deprived of acquiring equine immortality. How clearly I remember Rathnally approaching the Canal Turn the second time round, ears pricked and moving beautifully—but just as he was a couple of strides from the 'take-off,' a loose horse—I think it was Caubeen, who was in the open ditch in front of the fence—took it into her head to trot along the bottom of the ditch to the point for which Chadwick was steering. Of course she baulked Rathnally and brought him up sharp, and Chadwick took a flying voluntary right over the top of the fence. Fortunately he landed without injury, and the tough little man immediately got up and ran round to the take-off side, remounted and put Rathnally at the fence from a stand, and got him over safely. By then Glenside was at the Anchor Bridge half a mile away, and by the time he had reached the last fence Chadwick and Rathnally were coming up hand-over-fist at a strong gallop, and closing the distance between them at every stride. As they came up the straight, the distance closed faster as Glenside's trot deteriorated into a walk—another fifty yards and Rathnally would have won."

THE HERO OF 1923—SERGEANT MURPHY JUMPING HIS WAY TO VICTORY : He was the first American-owned horse to win the "National." Sergeant Murphy was thirteen years old when he triumphed—a steady not a brilliant horse

GRAND NATIONAL

THE STORY OF THE FAMOUS RACE AND OF SOME OF ITS GREAT MOMENTS RE-TOLD AT A TIME WHEN THE EYES OF THE WORLD ARE ABOUT TO BE FOCUSSED ON AINTREE ONCE AGAIN

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE first Grand National Handicap Steeplechase was run at Aintree on March 3, 1847. But the event, it is generally agreed, really started eight years earlier with the running of the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase on February 26, 1839.

Steeplechasing in England was still in its infancy. Cross-country matches—a match is a race between two horses—with village churches as starting and finishing-points, had been fairly frequent since about 1750. These were almost always the result of rivalry in the hunting field. Huge sums of money changed hands on occasion, but matches were very haphazard affairs. There were no judges, there was no set course, and distances varied from eight to twenty miles according to the whim of the contestants. In Ireland, where similar matches were a commonplace, the distance was soon reduced to four miles, more or less, and as early as 1752 we hear of a course being planned and judges appointed. By 1803 steeplechases, as opposed to matches, may be said to have been established on an organised basis in Ireland. Despite Alken's pictures of "The First Steeplechase on Record," which are dated 1803, this was certainly not the case in England. The first organised steeplechase meeting in England was at St. Albans in 1830. This became an annual meeting with a number of events, and was followed by meetings at Leamington, Aylesbury and Newport. The first Cheltenham meeting was in 1833, and Cheltenham put on a Grand Steeplechase in 1835. A year later the first meeting was held at Aintree, and we are told "a strong recommendation to it was that nearly the whole of the performance could be seen from the Grand Stand." The first race was won by Captain Becher on The Iron Duke.

In 1839 Aintree Racecourse was bought by a syndicate, which included Lord Stanley, and this syndicate, besides improving the accommodation for spectators, put on the Grand Liverpool Steeplechase, which was really the first Grand National. The conditions for the race were: "A sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, 5 forfeit, with 100 added; 12 stone each, gentlemen riders; four miles across country; the second to save his stake, and the winner to pay 10 sovs. towards expenses; no rider to open a gate or ride through a gateway, or more than 100 yards along any road, footpath or driftway." The value to the winner was £1,200, a considerable sum in those days and a very desirable prize for the new sport. It was no doubt the size of the sum to be won that led to one of the conditions of the race being interpreted in the most liberal fashion. Of the seventeen riders in 1839, only four could possibly have been called amateurs. One of these four was Captain Becher, a great horseman with a very fine record of wins across country, who in this race plunged into history.

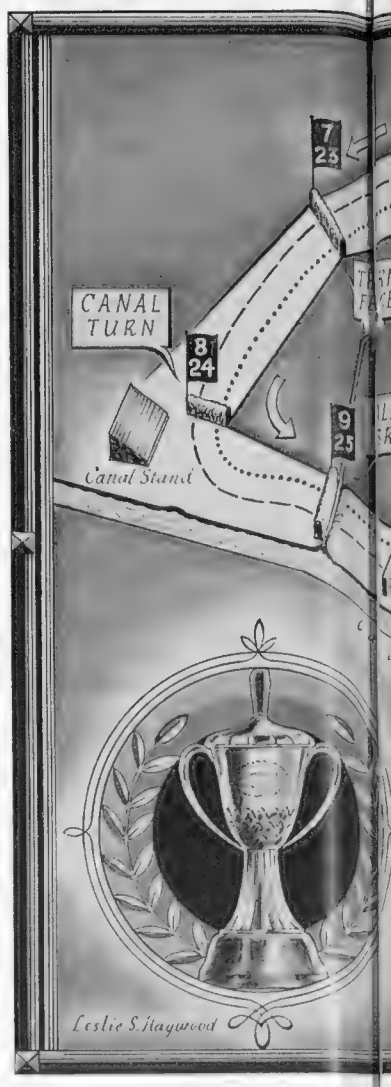
The Captain's mount, Conrad, was lying second at No. 1 brook the first time round. He came into the fence too fast, hit it hard, and shot his rider over his head, over the fence and over the brook. Becher scrambled to his feet to find himself facing a cavalry charge, and with but a moment's hesitation sought safety by diving into the deepest part of the brook. A large man with a big black beard, he stood there up to his neck in water, cursing its coldness and deploring its taste when drunk without brandy. Becher's Brook it has been ever since.

The first Grand Steeplechase was won by Lottery, a half-bred who had had some success on the flat, in the apparently slow time of 14 mins. 53 secs. But the course then was very different from the course to-day. There were fifteen jumps altogether, fourteen of which had had to be taken twice. Most of them were quite small, being banks with ragged hedges, but the two brooks—Becher's and Valentine's (named after a horse who made a spectacular leap there in 1840)—and the Stone Wall in front of the Grand Stand were very formidable obstacles in their own right, and made the more difficult by the fact that they had to be approached across heavy ploughland and not grass. In the first few years almost the whole of the course was over ploughland, but the amount was gradually lessened, though it did not wholly disappear until the beginning of this century. Undoubtedly, the plough affected the times of these early races. It is worthy of note that in Lottery's year the going was described, not as "heavy," but as "deep"!

Some queer things must have happened in these early races. For example, all the accounts of the race in 1840 mention a horse named Cruickshank, who does not appear in the entry! However, Cruickshank's starting-price was quoted by the bookmakers at 10 to 1. If he ran, he must have done so unofficially. There is the smell of conspiracy about all this. But, if he ran, he certainly did not finish, for we have the names of the three who did, and their order, beyond all question.

In 1843 the race became a Handicap for the first time. Top weight was 12 st. 8 lb., and winners from the date of declaration had to carry 5 lb. extra. The name was changed to the Liverpool and National Steeplechase, and the first winner of the handicap was Vanguard, who gave T. Olliver his second successive winning ride. In the following year, in going described as "very deep and bad," and in heavy and incessant rain, the favourite won for the first time. Discount started at 5 to 1 against and won easily. It was in this year (1844) that the Stone Wall was abolished for ever. A rather easy post-and-rail was put in its place. In the following year, for the first time, the winner, Cure-All, was not even quoted in the betting. The next year (1846) saw the first 100 to 1 winner. Pioneer, "a small mean beast," who ran unclipped in a long, shaggy coat, won easily in the record time of 10 mins. 39 secs. Not only was this the record, but it was made on a course which had been lengthened, owing to a mistake with the flags, to almost five miles and contained more plough than usual. Pioneer must have been a very good horse.

THE FIRST OF THE REYNOLDSTOWN VICTORIES: Major N. Furlong leading in his fine 'chaser after he had carried his son, Frank Furlong, to victory in 1935. Reynoldstown again triumphed in the year following, and that time he was ridden by Frank Furlong's close friend, Fulke Walwyn, now the leading trainer over the sticks. In his second year Reynoldstown carried 12 st. 2 lb.



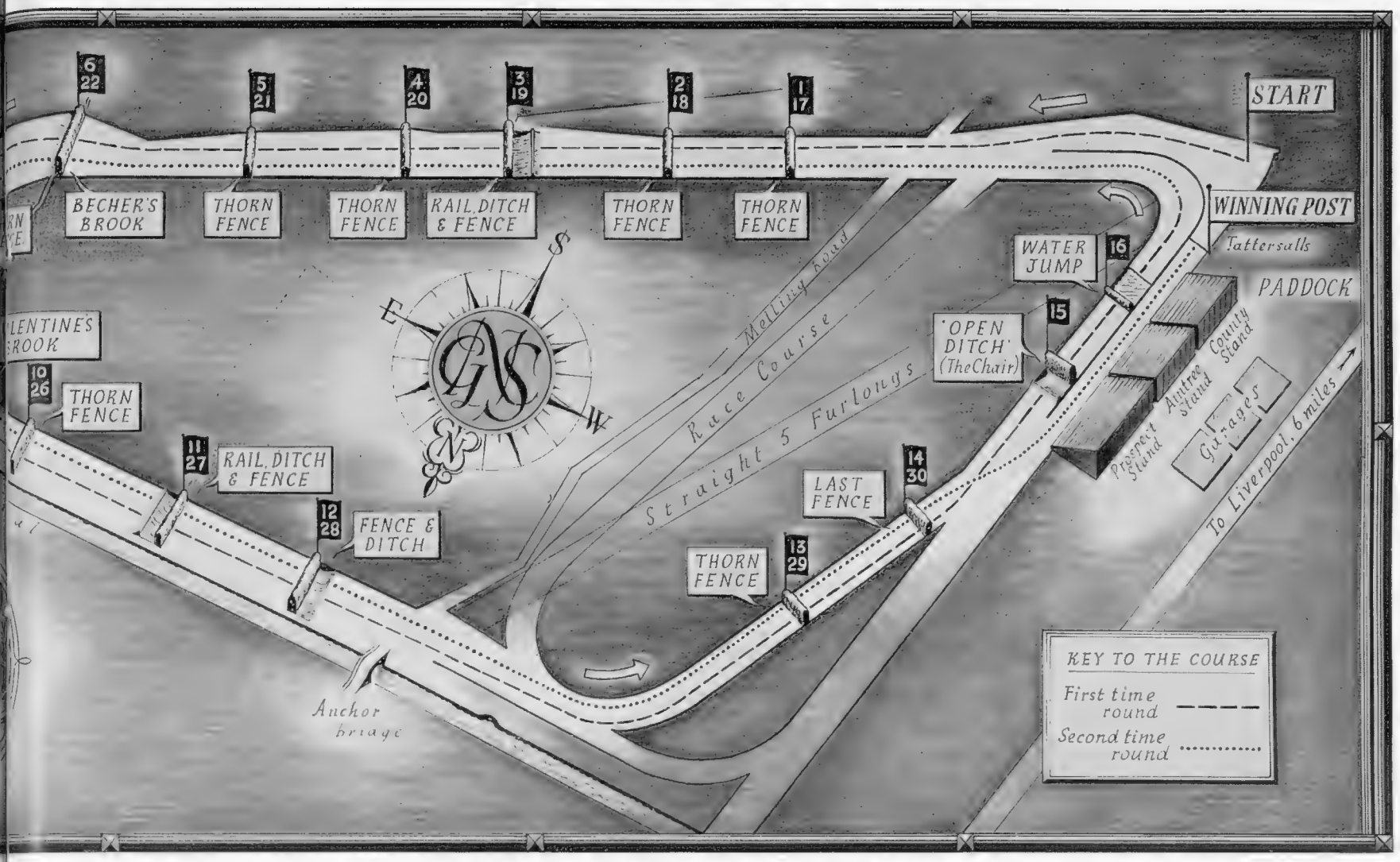
In 1847 the name of the race became the Grand National Handicap Steeplechase. In this year, too, the post-and-rail, which had taken the place of the Stone Wall, was replaced by an artificial Water Jump, which has been at the same spot in front of the stands ever since. This race was won by Matthew, the first Irish-trained and Irish-ridden horse to do so. Matthew was backed down to 4 to 1, because a mesmerist and thought-reader, who was drawing large crowds to a Liverpool music-hall, announced from the stage four days before the race that she had seen him win. However, just before the race her supporters began to lose faith and Matthew started at 10 to 1. He led from the start and won very easily in the new record time of 10 mins. 39 secs.

By now the true character of the race had been established. The course, though still a little shorter than it is now—it was lengthened in 1863—had acquired its permanent features, and already people were saying that you "never knew with the National." Twice the favourite had won, but to balance that was a winner never quoted at all and a winner at 100 to 1. And already an Irish horse, the first of many, had galloped away with it, and already men were looking for likely steeplechasers in Ireland as they have been doing ever since. The character of the race was established: the stage was set for the characters. There has been no lack of those in the history of the Grand National.

Tragedy marked the start of the race in 1849. Lord Sefton, the starter, was talking to the jockeys when somebody gave the signal to go, and all was chaos. Three

MANIFESTO, A LEGEND AT LIVERPOOL: The year 1897 produced one of the great winners of all time, who triumphed again in 1899 and ran in his eighth and last Grand National at the age of sixteen. In the 1897 race Manifesto won at his leisure by twenty lengths, striding past the post with ears pricked. This was only a foretaste of what this remarkable horse was to accomplish two years later, when he won almost as easily under the mighty burden of 12 st. 7 lb. Few who saw Manifesto win so well were aware at the time how nearly he came to disaster. When the horses were taking the Canal Turn first time round Manifesto put in a terrifically big jump and landed on some loose hay, coming down on his shoulder. His recovery was almost miraculous.

WHEN A TUBED HORSE, A 100 TO 1 OUTSIDER, WAS THE ONLY ONE TO COMPLETE THE COURSE WITHOUT MISHAP: This was the dramatic race of 1928 when Tipperary Tim (left), to whom few racegoers had given a thought, achieved a sensational victory. Two fences from home the original field of forty-two had been reduced to three survivors, one of whom was the very good American horse, Billy Barton, which Mr. Howard Bruce had sent from Baltimore after giving proof of being the most brilliant 'chaser in America. The third survivor was Great Span. It was at this penultimate fence that Great Span's saddle slipped and his jockey was unshipped. And so the three came to the last fence. The riderless Great Span is seen in the centre, and on the right is seen Billy Barton crashing down after hitting the top of the fence. Tipperary Tim was thus left to finish alone, but Billy Barton was remounted to come in second.



THE GRAND NATIONAL COURSE AT AINTREE—A DIAGRAMMATIC DRAWING SPECIALLY MADE FOR "THE SPHERE" BY LESLIE S. HAYWOOD: Mr. Haywood clearly marks the difference between the first and second circuits, showing how, after the thirtieth fence (which is also the fourteenth), those that remain standing, gallop up the course used for events on the flat and so pass the winning-post near the stands.

horses were killed in this race, which was won by Peter Simple. All fell at small fences, and this had a lot to do with the future size of the Aintree fences. (A small fence is, of course, more dangerous to good horses than a big one, for they get careless, and it is a fact that when the Grand National course had both big and little fences the casualties were much more numerous than they are to-day, when the fences are big but more or less uniform.) The winner, by the way, was a bay gelding, and must not be confused with the grey horse of the same name who ran third in 1841 and second in 1845. If tragedy marked the start, comedy ruled at the finish. Peter Simple was ridden by a professional named Cunningham and came into the straight a length ahead of The Knight of Gwynne, ridden by his owner, Captain D'Arcy. D'Arcy stood to win many thousands of pounds if he won, and he yelled an offer of £500 to Cunningham. The professional took no notice. D'Arcy doubled his offer and doubled it again, but Peter Simple drew steadily ahead, and each offer from the Captain had to be shouted in a louder voice, to the delight of the crowd. Peter Simple won easily. He was a good horse and won again in 1853.

The Knight of Gwynne ran second again in 1850, when he was beaten by Abd-el-Kader. "Little Ab" came from Ireland and was not quoted in the betting at all. The first pony to win the race (unless Pioneer, that "small mean beast," was a pony), he was the son of a pure-bred Arab out of an English coach mare. The next year "Little Ab" did it again by a neck from Maria Day, a brown mare also from the County Louth, with another Irish horse third, and so became the first horse to win the Grand National twice.

Again in 1852 the race was won by a horse not quoted in the betting, when Miss Mowbray got up to win by a length. In this race "Little Ab" was pulled up when in the lead and looking like winning his third National. In the following year, when Peter Simple scored his second victory, this wonderful little pony finished fifth—a good enough record for Aintree.

1856 saw the first victory of George Stevens, riding in his first Grand National. His mount was Freetrader, who had finished second the year before, and Stevens brought him from behind. This was so much his practice that he became known as "The Waiter," and it is not on the whole a practice that would find much favour with modern jockeys. But it paid Stevens handsomely, for he won the race five times, and twice did so two years in succession. In 1863, the year in which the course was lengthened, he rode Emblem, a half-bred Welsh pony mare, to victory and the next year her full sister, Emblematic. I wonder what odds a bookmaker would offer against full sisters owned by the same man and ridden by the same jockey winning the Grand National in successive years? But it happened. Five years later Stevens did it again, riding The Colonel (another pony, a half-bred Exmoor) to clear-cut victories in 1869 and 1870.

The Colonel's two victories split two by The Lamb, yet another pony, a grey entire by a pure-bred Arab out of a half-bred mare. The Lamb's second victory put Matthew and the mesmerist right in the shade. His owner, Lord Poulett, dreamed that his horse won and was ridden by Mr. Pickernell, a famous amateur who rode as "Mr. Thomas." He immediately secured the services of this jockey. The news of the dream leaked out, as these things will, and the odds shortened considerably. Then as a race train arrived in Liverpool on the day before the race, a little white lamb hopped out and raced down the track. After that The Lamb was bound to win, and win he did. George Stevens brought The Colonel into fourth place carrying 12 st. 8 lb., which in itself was a feat.

The Colonel, an entire, went to Germany and ended up as a charger for Kaiser Wilhelm I. Stevens, after riding in steeplechases for almost twenty years without accident, was thrown from a cob in Cheltenham and died of a fractured skull.

1873 marks the first success of Captain Machell in the Grand National. Machell, an extraordinary

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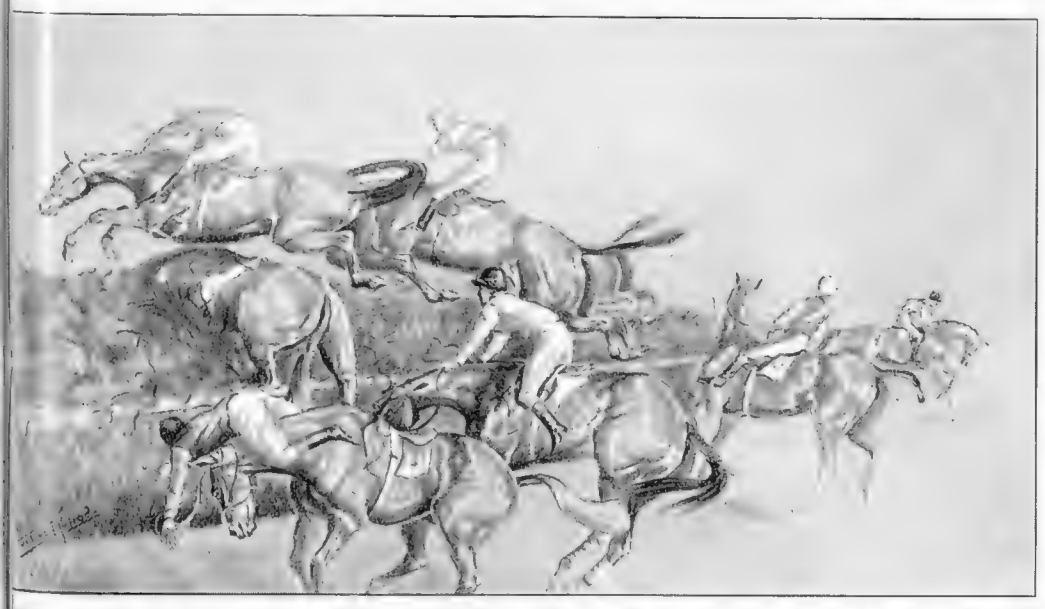
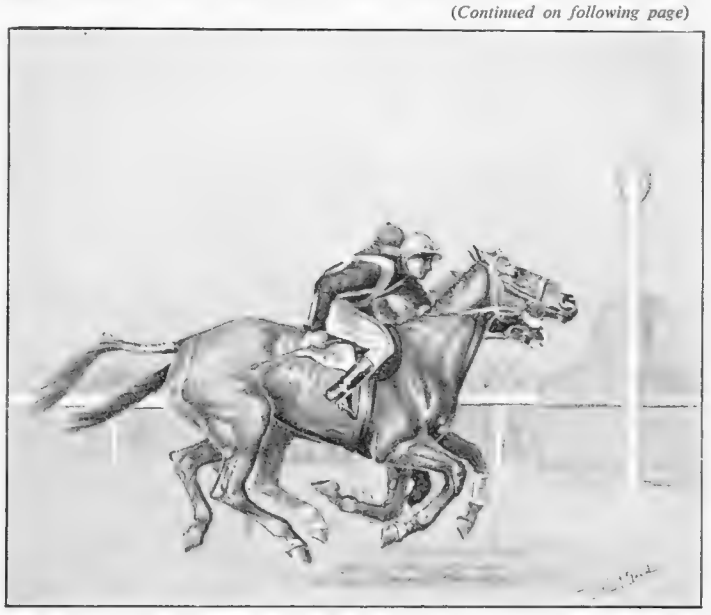


THE MAIN CAUSE OF THE DEBACLE OF 1928, WHEN THE GALLANT EASTER HERO, A BRILLIANT AND SPECTACULAR PERFORMER OVER THE STICKS, CAUSED MORE UNIVERSAL HAVOC THAN HAD EVER BEFORE BEEN SEEN IN THE RACE AT ONE FENCE: Easter Hero, when he was in the lead, landed on the top of the fence, and fell back. There has never been a clear account of the sequel, for the jockeys were too busy looking after their own affairs to see what happened; but there was a universal scrimmage and out of it emerged only a few horses, the remnant of the forty-two runners. Of these forty-two, Great Span, Billy Barton and Tipperary Tim survived to battle out the closing stages. Tipperary Tim survived because he was being galloped with due care round the outside, while Billy Barton helped himself to a spectacular leap, and he is seen in this picture jumping clean over the head of Easter Hero.



THE DRAMATIC FINISH IN 1930: The ten-year-old gelding Shaun Goilin (in foreground) and Melleray's Belle, an eleven-year-old mare, battling out the last yards of the race. It was a magnificent finish, with neither giving way perceptibly under pressure. Close finishes are comparatively rare in the Grand National, in part because of the long gallop from the last fence. Shaun Goilin was a breeding curiosity, for his sire is believed to have been an unbroken three-year-old running in a field into which his dam broke one night at Major Edwards' stud farm in County Tipperary. He was sold as a yearling for about 20 guineas.

1936, A YEAR OF DRAMA—THE SWIFT ECLIPSE OF EASTER HERO AND THE SECOND TRIUMPH OF REYNOLDSTOWN AFTER DAVY JONES HAD RUN OUT: *Left*—Easter Hero, the champion over park courses and a popular horse with the public, seen as he blundered into the first fence. *Right*—The extraordinary incident at the penultimate fence, when Davy Jones, who had done all the pace-making and was sailing over the fences with consummate ease, suddenly began to drift to the left. It afterwards transpired that the reins had parted at the buckle end, and that Lord Mildmay was left sitting helplessly on the horse without any means of ensuring direction. When Davy Jones ran out, the rest was easy for Reynoldstown, who, despite one or two blunders, was beginning to gain ground in the closing stages. Fulke Walwyn eventually brought him in an easy winner, but needless to say there was much public sympathy for the unlucky Lord Mildmay. Lord Mildmay was afterwards associated most successfully with that fine horse Cromwell. The partnership was broken by Lord Mildmay's tragic death when bathing on the South Coast.

GRAND NATIONAL

(*Continued from previous page*)

character, believed that you "should live in the best company but run your horses in the worst, unless they are exceptionally good." He lived up to this thoroughly enough to make himself a reputation with the ordinary race-follower which was anything but savoury. There seem to have been no grounds whatever for the belief that the Captain was a sharp customer beyond the fact that he had a very good eye for an unwanted horse who was a good 'un. (Though it is a fact that the horses he sold after winning races never seemed to win for their new owners.) Such a one was Disturbance, who won in 1873 from Rhysworth, who had finished fourth in the Derby of 1869. His other two winners were Reugny and Regal, in 1874 and 1876.

The year 1882 was noteworthy for the victory of Seaman, an Irish horse from the Curragh (Curragh horses had won the previous four Nationals), who was considered not quite fit by Linde, the trainer, who thought that he held a better chance with Cyrus. He persuaded Lord Manners to buy him. Manners had never ridden in a steeplechase before, but he rode Seaman to beat Cyrus by a short head, and so robbed Mr. Beasley, the Irish amateur of a third successive victory.

Third in this race was a pony mare named Zoedone (all the rest had fallen), another half-bred with Exmoor blood. This mare was bought by Count Kinsky, and ridden by him to victory in the following year, which event caused a professional jockey to exclaim after the race, "Last year a blooming Lord, and now a blankety foreign Count! It 'll be a frog or a woman next!" Zoedone finished fourth in Voluptuary's year (1884). She might well have won again in 1885, but was poisoned, fell and had to be destroyed. The poison seems to have been administered as she was coming on to the course, but was so cleverly done that no one knew for certain. Voluptuary had run in the Derby, and even led the field at Tattenham Corner, but was quite untried over fences. He was a good winner for all that. Later he had a very successful career on the stage.

Now we approach the golden age and perhaps the greatest steeplechaser of them all. In 1891 Mr. Harry Beasley brought Come Away in in front of Cloister. Cloister was ridden by the famous Captain "Roddy" Owen. Beasley was the third brother of the famous Irish family. Come Away was in the lead and Owen tried to pass on the inside. Beasley let him draw almost level and then bored in towards the rail, and boxed Cloister in. They finished in that position. Naturally, there was an objection, but the Stewards supported Beasley, who was actually well within his rights. A similar incident had occurred on the flat, and the Stewards in that case came to the same decision. Owen won the next year on Father O'Flynn and Cloister was again second.

There was no mistake in 1893. Cloister was made favourite, despite his 12 st. 7 lb., and on a dry course just galloped away with it. He went into the lead at the second fence and stayed there all the time, never making the semblance of a mistake and finally winning, eased up, by more than forty lengths in the record time of 9 mins. 32 secs. This very great horse was—there can be little doubt about it—got at after the race, for he was beaten at Sandown by a very second-rate individual, and the bookmakers must have made a very nice haul. Cloister won the Grand Sefton at Aintree in 1894 just as easily as he had won the Grand National, but he did not run in the National again. Always there was something wrong at the crucial moment. Cloister was the best steeplechaser in an era of great steeplechasers, and there might well have been two more victories for him but for these very odd breakdowns. Needless to say, they were never explained.

THE BATTLE OF THE FIRST FENCE: This was the scene of devastation in last year's Grand National, won by the mare Nickel Coin. At the end of the first circuit there were only seven horses left in the race.

Manifesto, who won in 1897 and 1899, the second time carrying 12 st. 7 lb., was another very great horse. In addition to his two wins, he ran third three times and fourth once. He did not run in 1898, when the race was won by Drogheda in a blinding snowstorm. It is a pity that the two never met, for Drogheda was regarded by the experts of the time as one of the best steeplechasers they had seen, although he was allowed to start at 25 to 1.

The first year of the new century was the Royal Year. The Prince of Wales won the Grand National with Ambush II, an Irish horse bred and trained in Ireland, and then followed up that remarkable victory with the Triple Crown (Two Thousand Guineas, Derby and St. Leger) with Diamond Jubilee, the horse who hated jockeys.

1901 was the year of the great snowstorm, when the fences were said to have been "mere mounds of snow getting higher every minute." Grudon, ridden by Arthur Nightingall, won it because his owner had had the foresight to provide 1 lb. of butter for each of the horse's feet. Ascetic's Silver, winner in 1906, was another steeplechaser in the Cloister and Manifesto class (he was half-brother to Cloister), and Eremon in the following year was also a very good horse, whose jockey rode almost the whole race with only one stirrup. In 1908 the race went to the American-bred Rubio (who was bought for £15 and drew the station bus at Towcester before being put to jumping), and the next year to the French-bred and French-ridden Lutteur III. With 1912 we are back again with the great in Jerry M, who, starting at 4 to 1, carried 12 st. 7 lb. to victory. The jockey was Ernest Piggott (the grandfather of Lester Piggott, who is now making a name for himself on the flat), a great horseman who was to ride Poethlyn with the same weight to victory in 1919. Poethlyn also won the War National at Gatwick in 1918.

Troytown, the winner in 1920, was another of the great—there are those who place him in the Cloister and Manifesto class, though he carried only 11 st. 9 lb. and took more than 10 minutes to cover the course. But it was a foul day, and the going was "deep." Troytown was certainly a horse of quality. So was Easter Hero, Irish-bred and American-owned, who was one of the best horses who never won a Grand National. (Prince Regent was another.) It was Easter Hero who, in 1928, got stuck on the top of the Canal Turn fence, and caused many horses to refuse and many more to fall. Only two horses finished: Tipperary Tim and Billy Barton. Tipperary Tim, a tubed horse, started at 100 to 1 and was the only horse not to fall. He had, I believe, never been placed before, but he was a good jumper and he could stay and he had good blood in him. It may be true that he would never have won if all the others had not fallen. But they did, and he did not.

The conditions were changed in 1929, partly in an endeavour to keep the number of runners down. More horses ran in 1929 than ever before, sixty-six, and all who witnessed that tremendous charge for the first fence will never forget it. They all got over it. This year, too, the winner started at 100 to 1. But Gregalach was a first-class steeplechaser, who finished second two years later. A half-brother of Easter Hero, he should never have been allowed to start at such odds—and, if I had had more money, he would not have done so!

In 1934 came the fabulous Golden Miller, to win and set a new record. It seemed at the time as though here was a horse who would add a second victory the next year, but Golden Miller turned a bit sour to jumping, and next year Reynoldstown won and broke the record again (his time still stands), and the next year did it again. He was lucky to do so, maybe, for Davy Jones, an entire starting at 100 to 1, seemed to have the race at his mercy, when his reins broke and he ran out. That was as near as Lord Mildmay was to come to achieving his greatest ambition, and it was really bad luck. For all that, Reynoldstown, a black and not a very nice horse to look at (but then, Manifesto was ugly), was the best winner since Troytown.

In 1938, the American-bred Battleship, an entire pony who had actually been used for polo, I believe, won by a short head (the shortest of short heads) from a great Irish 'chaser in Royal Danieli. And the next year came Workman, who had already run third. Workman was the first of the Cottage era. Cottage sired two further winners in Lovely Cottage (1946) and Sheila's Cottage (1948)—in between was Caughoo at 100 to 1—and in the 1948 race at the last fence Zahia, Happy Home and Sheila's Cottage, all Cottage offspring, were together. Zahia ran out and Happy Home was beaten into fourth place, but that was not a bad indication of this son of Tracery's pre-eminence as a sire of jumpers at that time.

THE CAMERA REVEALS SOME OF THE MAJOR PROBLEMS OF THE "NATIONAL"

THE FORMIDABLE CHARACTER OF THE CHAIR FENCE, SHOWN FROM THE TAKE-OFF SIDE: This picture was not taken during the Grand National, but on the second day of the sixty-first Champion Steeplechase on the Aintree course. The Chair is a thorn fence 5 ft. 2 ins. high and 3 ft. 9 ins. wide. The ditch on the take-off side is 6 ft. wide and 2 ft. 6 ins. deep. There is a guard-rail 1 ft. 6 ins. high in front of the ditch. In many ways it is a prodigious jump taken in company with other horses, when there is always the danger of being jostled or momentarily unsighted on nearing the fence.

A MEMORY OF TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO: Bright's Boy leads a group of competitors over the water jump during the race in 1926. Bright's Boy was never a winner of the Grand National, but he ran third in 1926 and again in 1927, on the last occasion carrying top weight of 12 st. 7 lb. The water jump is 15 ft. wide overall, with a thorn fence 2 ft. 6 ins. high and 2 ft. 6 ins. wide. The water is 2 ft. 6 ins. deep, so a mistake at this point can be costly. It is not a fence of many casualties because it is the sixteenth on the circuit, and it is only reached when the field has begun to thin out and horses are well-balanced.

THE GREAT DROP AT BECHER'S: A riderless horse seen taking the jump and a fallen jockey standing in the ditch until the danger has passed. Fallen horses are a great problem for the rest of the field.

CHARGING OVER BECHER'S BROOK DURING THE 1950 GRAND NATIONAL: This fine action picture not only emphasizes the tremendous speed of the race, but the extent of the drop at Becher's, which forces many a horse down on to its nose at the moment of landing. Often remarkable recoveries are made, and horse and rider travel on with hardly a check. Here the course turns sharply to the left.

RUSSIAN HERO AND HIS JOCKEY PART COMPANY: These two, who had staged such a dramatic win in 1949, came to grief at the Chair fence in 1951. Russian Hero was going well at the time and it was a great pity that he fell out of the race at a moment when he was making a challenge. Russian Hero has proved a real Aintree type, while showing modest form over park courses.

THE BLUNDER THAT COST HIM THE RACE: Royal Tan (left) hitting the top of the last fence in the Grand National of 1951, leaving the mare Nickel Coin to go on and win. These last-fence blunders are a strong likelihood among horses carrying heavy weights.

The 1950 winner, Freebooter, is another 'chaser of the highest quality. He fell in 1951, when the mare Nickel Coin won a very good race, and maybe he will have too much weight to carry in future, for it takes more than a very good horse to carry 12 st. 7 lb. round Aintree. It takes a great one.

The Grand National is a perpetual subject of debate. There are always people who want to change the conditions of the race. These people, it seems to me, may be divided into two classes: those who do not know very much about it and are swayed by some sensational article in the Press, and those who have ridden a good horse in the race and failed to win it in a year when some rank outsider got away with it. It is generally the latter who think that it is too much of a lottery and too often won by some mediocre animal.

Lord Wavertree, who knew more about it than most people, said: "It is a very difficult thing to find a horse capable of winning the Grand National Steeplechase; and if you do find the horse it is difficult to bring him fit and well to the starting-post, and when you have done that it is very hard to find a really good jockey."

Mediocre animals have undoubtedly won the Grand National. But they could jump or they would not have done so; they were fit and they could stay, and their jockeys could ride or they would not have stayed upon their backs. (Indeed, it takes a very good man to get a mediocre horse over those jumps for more than four miles.)

The Grand National does not decide the best staying steeplechaser of the year. The Cheltenham Gold Cup, a weight-for-age race, decides that. Part of the fascination of the race, which is the greatest steeplechase in the world, is that there is no Aintree type (despite all that the Press sometimes says: you have only to compare Reynoldstown, say, with Manifesto or Cloister or Jerry M to realise the truth of this), that it is a handicap, that it is a lottery and that it may be won by a 100 to 1 outsider—and the one you backed, too.

NEW FASHIONS IN WARFARE

New Equipment for Protection Against the Elements and the Enemy Gives the Modern Warrior a Futuristic Look

THE NEW R.A.F. SURVIVAL KIT WHICH WAS TESTED RECENTLY ON A JUNGLE TREK : Seven members of the R.A.F. recently completed a week-long trek through the wildest parts of North Borneo to test the survival kit pictured here. The pack holds gloves, spare socks, a jungle hat, a mosquito net, water-purifying tablets and a water-bottle. The part leaning against the wall contains a compass, a sewing kit, a food heater, flares, insect repellent, concentrated food and fishing gear.

MEMBERS OF THE R.A.F. EXAMINE THEIR NEW SURVIVAL KIT AFTER RETURNING FROM A TRIAL JOURNEY THROUGH NORTH BORNEO : Squadron Leader Brennan, who led the team through the isolated jungles, is seen kneeling as he checks some of the equipment. The trip was made to test the efficiency of equipment designed to meet every contingency encountered by the airman forced down in the jungle.

MEN OF THE AMERICAN NAVY TAKE PART IN COLD-WEATHER TESTS OFF SOUTH GREENLAND : These seamen on the heavy cruiser U.S.S. *Albany*, wearing electrically-heated suits, look more like Martian warriors from the pages of science-fiction magazines than the plain American sailors they are. With this equipment, which was being tested in cold-weather operations off Greenland, the seamen are able to withstand severe Arctic weather.

SHRAPNEL-PROOF WAISTCOATS FOR THE AMERICAN ARMY : The trooper *on left* is wearing an armoured waistcoat of the type now in use on the Korean battlefields. *On right*—Testing the efficiency of another armoured waistcoat, this time worn by a dummy, with direct shots from a modern rifle. The armour, it is reported, consists of overlapping plates of "plastic laminated fibreglass" and a weave of multi-layered nylon. It weighs 7¾ lb. and is intended as a protection against the shrapnel which causes so great a proportion of casualties.

A NEW LIFE-SAVING DINGHY DESIGNED BY THE ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE : This tiny rubber dinghy, being tried out here by Flight Lieutenant B. Sunderland, can be inflated in only half a minute by survivors from aircraft brought down over the sea. The airman can inflate by mouth the canopy, which will protect him against both water and cold. Lying at ease among the waves, he can then ignite the smoke signal, which will advise rescuers of his position.

A DUMMY DESIGNED TO TEST A NEW TYPE OF PARACHUTE : G.Q Parachute Company and the Hairlok Company were responsible for the production of this dummy, which has been designed to simulate the movements of a man falling through the air in the testing of new parachutes and aircraft ejector seats. *On left*—Mr. W. S. Ruff, chief engineer of Hairlok Limited, who was responsible for the design of the steel skeleton, shows the movement of the arm joints in a cut-away model. *On right*—The managing director of Hairlok Limited, Mr. H. A. Howard, adjusts the dummy's helmet during a recent demonstration in London. The skeleton is weighted with lead and covered with rubberised foam. Fully clothed, it weighs about 180 lb. and costs £150 to manufacture. In the parachute tests these dummies will be dropped thousands of feet from high-speed planes.

THE HAWKER HUNTER—THE P 1067, WHICH HAS BEEN PUT INTO QUANTITY PRODUCTION FOR THE ROYAL AIR FORCE AND HAS NOW BEEN GIVEN ITS OFFICIAL NAME: This top secret superjet interceptor fighter is the fourth Hawker jet. The first was the 1040, better known as the Sea Hawk, which is now in production for the Royal Navy. This was followed by the 1052 and the 1081 experimental machines. The Hunter has swept-back wings, and is powered by an Avon jet engine. Designed by the famous Hawker team, led by Sidney Camm, C.B.E., of Hurricane fame, and developed and produced at Kingston, Surrey, the Hunter was put through its initial trials last year by Squadron-Leader Neville Duke. Sir Frank Spencer Spriggs, managing director of the Hawker Siddeley Group, has said: "We believe this is the best fighting aircraft flying anywhere in the world."

THIS IS THE HAWKER HUNTER

A POWERFUL NEW ADDITION TO OUR JET FIGHTER FORCES

On left—

THE HUNTER SILHOUETTE: The new jet interceptor fighter viewed from another aircraft when in level flight. At a time when Britain's aerial defences are under critical review at Westminster, the Hunter emerges as a mighty new asset to the Royal Air Force. Mr. Churchill has made it clear that he regards it as an aircraft of top importance. Hawker's remain one of the outstanding names in the aircraft industry which they themselves did so much to foster. Between the wars they built the Hart fighter and the Fury bomber, the most advanced military aircraft of their time, and in the Second Great War they built the Hurricane, the Typhoon and also the Tempest.

IN KOREAN WATERS—H.M.S. "COCKADE" AT ANCHOR IN THE SHADOW OF AN ISLAND IN THE YELLOW SEA: This picture of the destroyer in a sea littered with ice-floes, was taken from the deck of H.M.S. *Mounts Bay*. The *Cockade*, in company with other United Nations warships, has been engaged in extensive blockade patrol off the west and north coasts of Korea. While the warships patrolled the main shipping lanes, small patrol craft of the South Korean Navy and small landing-craft manned by U.S. and Commonwealth seamen patrolled the shallow waters around strategic islands wherever the larger ships could not go.

ON PATROL AND EXERCISE

IN THE FAR EAST AND MEDITERRANEAN

United Nations Warships Patrol Korean Waters; Units of the N.A.T.O. Navies at Malta and Naples; The "Amethyst" in Action in Malaya

H.M.S. "COSSACK" PREPARES TO COME ALONGSIDE H.M.S. "MOUNTS BAY": Earlier, *Cossack*, *Mounts Bay* and *Belfast*, all of the U.N. West Coast Task Force, had bombarded enemy gun batteries on the Korean mainland. The operation was part of the 100-day action off the Korean coast. In the background is the island of Cho-Do.

AT THE END OF THE N.A.T.O. EXERCISES IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: The carrier H.M.S. *Theseus* enters Grand Harbour, Valetta, after the air and submarine exercises which followed the four-nation "Grand Slam" exercise.

THE BIGGEST CONCENTRATION OF BRITISH WARSHIPS IN MALTA SINCE THE WAR—UNITS OF THE MEDITERRANEAN AND HOME FLEETS IN VALETTA HARBOUR AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE FOUR-NATION EXERCISE: Among the warships seen in this picture are H.M.S. *Liverpool* (flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet); H.M.S. *Indomitable* (flagship of the Home Fleet), H.M.S. *Glasgow*; H.M.S. *Theseus* (berthed) and H.M.S. *Cleopatra*. During the four-Power manœuvres nearly 1,000 merchant ships took part in an anti-submarine exercise by submitting voluntarily to simulated attacks while proceeding through the Mediterranean. On another occasion "probably the biggest single naval task force ever to be assembled in peacetime" formed up in the Western Mediterranean for a bombardment exercise off the Sardinian coast.

HOMEWARD BOUND FOR CANADA AFTER PATROL DUTY OFF KOREA: H.M.C.S. *Sioux*, which arrived back in Canada a short while ago after completing a second tour of duty in the Far East, is seen making her way through an ice-field during her last patrol off the west coast of Korea. Operating close inshore, she spent her last patrol defending islands north of the 38th Parallel.

THE "AMETHYST" AGAIN—THE 1,460-TON FRIGATE FIRES A SALVO FROM HER 4-IN. FORWARD GUNS AT COMMUNIST TARGETS ALONG THE PERAK RIVER, IN NORTH-WEST MALAYA: The frigate was taking part in combined operations with units of the Royal Marine Commando Corps and the Gordon Highlanders against terrorists in Perak.

H.M.S. *Amethyst* (the famed warship of the Yangtse River action in 1949) added yet another river exploit to her Far Eastern saga by sailing 30 miles up the Perak River to bombard suspected bandit camps in the jungle. This combined operations drive, extending over several weeks, has been one of the most comprehensive of the emergency. As a result of the operation five bandits were killed and two were captured. In addition, seventeen bandit camps were found, one of which had accommodation for fifty and another for thirty. Some of the land patrols working in conjunction with H.M.S. *Amethyst* went so deep into the jungle, completely inaccessible by road, that supplies of food and ammunition had to be dropped to them by Dakota aircraft. In addition to the bombardment, H.M.S. *Amethyst* carried out an anti-smuggling patrol off the east coast of Malaya. Ships running at night without lights were picked up on the frigate's radar screen and attendant Royal Navy and Malayan Naval Force motor launches intercepted the suspects.

ALLIES ALONGSIDE—WARSHIPS OF THREE COUNTRIES OF THE NORTH ATLANTIC TREATY ORGANISATION POWERS IN NAPLES DOCKYARD: From front to rear they are the United States heavy cruiser *Newport News*, flagship of Vice-Admiral Matthias R. Gardner, Commander of the U.S. Sixth Fleet; the Italian battleship *Andrea Doria*, flagship of Admiral Giuseppe Manfredi, Chief of the Italian Fleet; the U.S.S. *Adirondak*, flagship of Admiral Robert B. Carney, who directed the exercise, and the British cruiser *Liverpool*, flagship of Admiral Sir John Edelsten, C.-in-C. of the British Mediterranean Fleet. The manœuvres were the biggest yet held in the Mediterranean.

THE GUNNERSBURY PARK MUSEUM: In this large park with lakes and Gothic ornaments is a museum dealing in particular with the antiquities of Middlesex. In one room is a wonderful collection of nineteenth-century dolls.

LONDON'S LITTLE-KNOWN MUSEUMS

AN ACCOUNT OF TWELVE OF THE SIXTY MUSEUMS WHICH ARE INCLINED TO BE OVERLOOKED

Written and Illustrated by BARBARA JONES

WHEN wet week-ends have absolutely gutted the British and Victoria and Albert Museums, the National Gallery and the Tate for you, and fine week-ends have been devoted to Greenwich and Kew, and Hampton Court, there will still be more than fifty of London's sixty-odd museums left to visit, fifty excellent expeditions. Here are a dozen of them; they are by no means the most obscure, but still only a real museum-addict will be likely to know all twelve; to have visited the complete London range would be very sad—I am still hoarding up the Chartered Insurance Institute's collection. . . .

A ROOF FITTED WITH BOYLE'S AIR PUMP VENTILATOR: This model is in the Parkes Museum, Buckingham Palace Road.

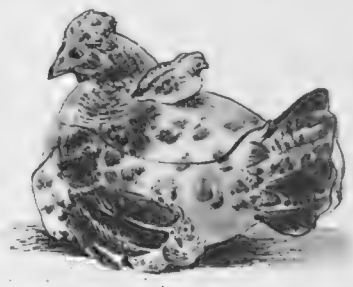
Museums are only jolly if one never pauses for an instant at anything which looks boring, some days ivories, some days the Parthenon frieze, most days old ironwork: a few exhibits really enjoyed is the thing. This in the British Museum or the National Gallery demands the most maddeningly cultured self-control, but some museums are so small that we only see a little willy-nilly, and come out delighted, without either parquet feet or gallery head.

The Horniman Museum is a fine cheerful place on the top of a hill, one of the best museums in England, housed in a building of the nicest Art Nouveau (another in London is the Whitechapel Art Gallery), by Harrison Townsend; above the steps up to the door is a good period mosaic panel by Anning Bell, an "Allegory of the Course of Human Life." The main collection is divided into anthropological and zoological sections, all the exhibits are beautifully displayed, and the chief object of the museum is to show the development of man, his relationship to the other animals and examples of the various cultures he has produced: nothing has duller possibilities than such a theme, nothing could, in fact, be more fascinating, as it is done here; one is lured on and on from one most beautiful thing to another, cultured restraint all abandoned, told only what one wants to know, one's intelligence left to amuse itself.

An almost ninteenth-century rationalism displays in the same case a sailor's pin-cushion luck charm and an evil eye amulet from Peru, while pictures of the embryos of a tortoise dog, fowl and man are placed side by side, looking exactly alike. There is a small aquarium with cases of sea anemones of vast size and one large lobster, all by himself, surrounded by the cracked shells of mussels which he has eaten.

The Foundling Hospital art treasures offer a complete contrast to Horniman. The Hospital was started by Captain Coram after twenty years of vigorous campaigning to find a home for the children he used to see cast out on the road to London from Rotherhithe. Hogarth helped him by forming a committee of artists to present specimens of their work to the Hospital, which, in consequence, has an excellent collection of eighteenth-century paintings, among them one of Hogarth's best works, his portrait of Captain Coram. It acquired another when the painter raffled his "March to Finchley," and gave the tickets he could not sell to the hospital, which won. A visit to see the pictures became "one of the most fashionable morning lounges" in the reign of George II.

The Jewish Museum is in the library of Jew's College; all the exhibits, mainly liturgical, are beautifully displayed and disprove the popular dogma that the Jewish nation has no visual art. Foremost in the collection are the books of the Pentateuch on scrolls. They are written by hand, and, as the most sacred objects in the synagogue, are covered with richly embroidered mantles; the tops of the scrolls usually carry decorated finials, often hung with attractive little silver bells.



A TREASURE OF THE BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM: A Chelsea porcelain tureen in the shape of a hen with chickens. This delicate piece is dated 1752-56.

The illustration is of a late seventeenth-century Megillah, the book of Esther, which is read on the feast of Purim, the Jewish carnival. Another Megillah is again of the late seventeenth century, but this time from Italy, with the border cut into exquisite grotesques and pictures representing scenes in the story of Esther and the sons of Haman, a *tour de force* of cut paper work.

Hanukah lamps, made of silver, gold or brass, form a large part of the collection; these eight lamps are lit successively during the feast which has as its object the celebration of the victory of the Maccabees. A very nice English lamp, possibly a copy from Italian work, has eight little lions, whose mouths hold the flames.

THE ROTUNDA, WOOLWICH COMMON: The fine brass mortar in the form of a tiger was taken at Fort Kurnal. It was made in Madras in 1839.

THE SOANE MUSEUM IN LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS: This was built by Sir John Soane in 1812, but slightly altered later when another storey was added. Within are some fine Hogarth prints, also Soane's drawings.

Except to the habitual museum visitor the very specialised Parkes Museum of Hygiene may be a little depressing, though full of absorbing information on how your drains work, what a tubercle in a cow's liver looks like, and a startling group of bed bugs. The main exhibits are on sewage disposal, drainage, ventilation and heating. All the different types of lavatory pan are displayed, including a very beautiful one which has blue irises printed on the inside. The gallery round the main hall has a great many specimens of various kinds of animal and human parasites in jars, and one wonderful case of miniature drain-pipes and sanitary ware.

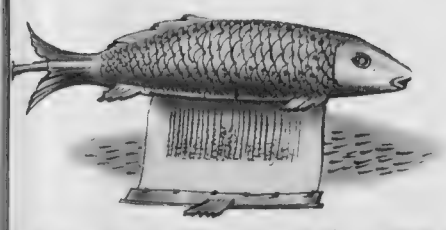
Some London museums offer outdoor pleasures, and one of the best of these is Gunnersbury, which has a very large park with lakes and Gothic ornaments. It was built in about 1805 by Mr. Copeland, and throughout the nineteenth century was the home of Nathan, Baron Lionel, and Leopold Rothschild successively, being bought in 1925 by the Acton and Ealing Councils so that the Park should not be built over.

The exhibits are only those objects connected with the history of Acton, in particular, and of Middlesex in general, but unlike most collections of this kind all is of a high æsthetic standard, and there is only one unobtrusive mantrap. The first room contains a wonderful collection of nineteenth-century dolls, particularly a pedlar doll of about 1810, with fifty kinds of wares in her basket, book, ballads and minute packets of needles. There are some very good musical boxes which the custodian plays, so that the lush chords of polka and waltz go rolling through the rooms while we look at the gold lustre doll's tea and coffee sets.

Right on the other side of London is Bruce Castle Museum, a Georgian house with a heavily restored Jacobean front. Downstairs is displayed the development of the world and of civilisation, while upstairs is the postal collection, given by the Union of Post Office Workers, letter-boxes, stamps, etc., and a very good music cover, "The Rat-Tat or Postman's Polka," a lithograph of an elegant postman knocking at a house with a neat Doric porch. The earliest attempts at moving pictures shown here include the lantern slider for Charles Dickens's *Gabriel Grub, or the Story of the Sexton who was Stolen by the Goblins.*

When the Victoria and Albert Museum was opened as the South Kensington Museum in 1857, it was housed in a building of glass and iron similar to the Crystal Palace. In 1865 the permanent stone museum had advanced so far that the temporary building was no longer needed. It was offered to North, South and East London, accepted only by the East, and moved to its present site in Bethnal Green in 1872; to-day it is the most important surviving example of the type of construction used at the Crystal Palace.

The central court has a wonderful feeling of spaciousness, untypical of museums, for



A MEGILLAH, SILVER CASE FROM LONDON'S JEWISH MUSEUM: It is seventeenth-century work, probably Danish. The fish is a symbol of good luck and fertility.

all the display is round the side walls and the open North and South Galleries; the ground floor has a beautiful selection of British pottery, glass and silver, and some pleasant paintings. Upstairs, costumes, rows of shoes (nothing so inhuman as outmoded boots), and some magnificent doll's houses, a very notable nineteenth-century one with minute antler furniture, a microcosmic nineteenth-century butcher's shop, and, most nostalgic of all, a neatly suspended model of the "Hanibal" from the Science Museum.

A DECORATIVE DOORWAY IN THE COURTROOM OF THE FOUNDLING HOSPITAL, BRUNSWICK SQUARE: The hospital has an excellent collection of eighteenth-century paintings.

The Soane Museum is one of the most enviable houses in London. The mirrors to make increased perspectives, the minute claustrophobic study, the crypt, the Monk's Parlour with its folly close to the windows in the yard outside, the catacomb and sepulchral chamber cluttered with fragment and focused round the giant sarcophagus, all interlock and change scale in the most fascinating way. Soane used space as few architects have done, and as this was his own house, he was free to use every fancy and conceit that occurred to him; walls fold and disappear, and the eye looks up and down changing levels and long, narrow impassable passages, always with a calm return to some completely satisfying square room with a coved ceiling. Soane's private collection is here, arranged to show the close union between the arts, Greek, Egyptian, Roman and Medieval work, Hogarth's, Flaxman's and Piranesis, and the drawings of Soane himself. He chose everything not for value, but because he thought it good, and no museum anywhere remains so personal.

ON THE WALLS OF THE HORNIMAN MUSEUM: These masks of bark and fibre come from Papua, where they were worn during the ancestor worship ceremonies.

Out of doors again, for a fine day is essential to the Artillery Museum in the Rotunda on Woolwich Common. This is the tent which was erected in St. James's Park for the visit in 1814 of the Allied sovereigns and moved to Woolwich in 1819. When it was first built, the beautiful curving roof was held up on an intersection of beams, so that there was no central support; now although the original canvas of the roof is still there under the plaster, there is a central column bearing the names of renowned artillerymen, because the roof is covered with lead, and so too heavy for the beams to support alone.

The artillery ranges from a gun used at the battle of Crecy to the 1914 war, and there is a complete display of small arms and machine-guns. Perhaps the most appealing exhibits are the models of guns and limbers of wood, brass and steel.

Woolwich is a good place to spend an afternoon, for besides the Rotunda there is Severndroog Castle and the Free Ferry, perhaps the nearest thing to a Mississippi stern wheeler in this country. If the afternoon turns to rain before all the guns round the Rotunda have been examined, there is another military museum of very different flavour, also south of the river, in the Royal Bethlem Hospital, where the Imperial War Museum shows, alas, not all its collection yet, because of bomb damage, but still a vast array of machines used in the last war, small submarines, gun turrets and cockpits from bombers, guns, the flying bomb, and V2. None of these exhibits has yet acquired that special trick of evoking a complete period with great clarity which the exhibits of the 1914-18 war were able to do.

The Geffrye Museum is at the moment closed, but it will reopen in May of this year. Its purpose is to show a selection of English middle-class rooms furnished in period, from Elizabethan to the present day. Some of the furniture is exquisite, though unfortunately the plan along one side of an eighteenth-century hospital prevents anything really enterprising being done with the lay-out. Also pretty, though the Geffrye building is,

BRUCE CASTLE IS A LATE ELIZABETHAN MANOR, WITH THE ADDITION OF A TOWER AND CUPOLA MADE IN 1684: Unfortunately nothing is known about the sixteenth-century round brick tower which stands beside it.

A RARE, PERHAPS UNIQUE, GAS STREET LAMP: This is in the display of gas fittings and appliances at Sugg's Museum.

it gives a strong Georgian flavour to all the rooms of other periods.

The last of our twelve is the smallest but one of the best, William Sugg's Museum, the products of a firm which specialises in all kinds of gas appliances, particularly street lighting. The first room has in it the crowns of various gas street lamps growing up from the floor, all of imposing size when seen for the first time at face-level.

Besides the lamps, there is some of the firm's early advertising, wonderful catalogues advertising the "Lambeth" and the "Northumberland Avenue" lamps, and hand-outs for the Patent Christiania Burner, pictures of a girl in the snow archly looking back over her shoulder, all against a gold background. And to end with there is a fine picture of Brighton Front at Midday, showing some of the 200 Sugg lights which illuminated it at night. These are now electrified, but more than half the street lamps in London still shine with the delicate green radiance of gas.

THE LITTLE-KNOWN TWELVE

ARTILLERY MUSEUM, WOOLWICH COMMON. *Weekdays* 10—12.45, 2—4. *Sunday* 2—4 *in winter, one hour longer in the afternoons in summer. Free.*

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM, CAMBRIDGE HEATH ROAD, E.2. *Weekdays* 10—6, *Sunday* 2.30—6. *Free.*

BRUCE CASTLE MUSEUM, LORDSHIP LANE, N.17. *Weekdays* 10—4 *November to February.* 10—6 *March to April and September to August.* 10—8 *May to August. Closed Sunday and Wednesday. Free.*

FOUNDLING HOSPITAL ART TREASURE, 40, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, W.C.1. *Wednesday and Friday* 10—1, 2—4.30. *Free. Charity Box.*

GEFFRYE MUSEUM, KINGSLAND ROAD, E.2. *From May. Closed Mondays. Weekdays* 10—4.30. *Sunday* 2—4.30. *Free.*

GUNNERSBURY PARK MUSEUM, W.3. *Summer. Every day except Monday and Friday* 11—1, 2—5. *Winter. Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday* 2—4. *Free.*

HORNIMAN MUSEUM, FOREST HILL, S.E.23. *Closed Tuesdays. Weekdays* 10.30—6. *Sunday* 2—6. *Free.*

IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM, LAMBETH ROAD, S.E.1. *Weekdays* 10—6. *Sunday* 2—6. *Free.*

JEWISH MUSEUM, FIRST FLOOR, WOBURN HOUSE, UPPER WOBURN PLACE, W.C.1. *Closed Saturday. Sunday* 10—1. *Weekdays* 10—5. *On application at office on ground floor. Free.*

PARKES MUSEUM OF HYGIENE, 90, BUCKINGHAM PALACE ROAD, S.W.1. *Closed Sundays and Public Holidays. Weekdays* 10—5. *Saturday* 10—1. *Free.*

SIR JOHN SOANE'S MUSEUM, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, W.C.2. *Closed on Monday and Sunday. Weekdays* 10—5. *Free.*

SUGG'S MUSEUM, REGENCY STREET, W.1. Victoria 3211. *By appointment.*

A LATE EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY MUSIC STAND IN THE GEFFRYE MUSEUM, SHOREDITCH: One of the virtues of the Geffrye Museum of Furniture is that it lies in an area devoted to furniture manufacture and plays some part in influencing the trend of design.

THE IMPERIAL WAR MUSEUM IN THE OLD ROYAL BETHLEM HOSPITAL, LAMBETH: This museum, now in the Lambeth Road, was originally opened in 1920 at the Crystal Palace. In 1936 it was moved to its present home, which was badly damaged by enemy action in 1940-44. The collection deals with two Great Wars and contains, for the most part, objects with a popular appeal.

THE DARK BLUES IN ACTION: The Oxford crew seen on the Tideway during one of their outings last week. In this picture Davidge is seen at stroke, the position which he occupied in 1949 when he very nearly brought off a spectacular victory for Oxford. Left to right are N. W. Sanders (Radley and Merton), bow, 10 st. 8 lb.; P. Gladstone (Eton and Christ Church), 12 st. 12 lb.; C. D. Milling (Radley and Merton), 12 st. 2 lb.; L. A. F. Stokes (Winchester and New College), 13 st. 5 lb.; M. L. Thomas (Clifton and Jesus), 13 st. 8 lb.; K. H. Keniston (Harvard, U.S., and Balliol), 13 st. 5 lb.; H. M. C. Quick (Shrewsbury and Merton), 13 st. 7½ lb.; C. G. V. Davidge (Eton and Trinity), stroke, 12 st. 8 lb.; D. R. Glynne-Jones (Magdalen College School and Jesus), cox, 8 st. 10 lb.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE ON THE TIDEWAY

THE FINAL TRAINING FOR THE BIG RACE

THE LONG-FOCUS CAMERA GIVES A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF CAMBRIDGE ON THE TIDEWAY: They have done exceedingly well during their training, and some of their bursts of rowing have shown that they have the dash and brilliance of recent Cambridge tradition. Left to right are E. J. Coghill (Gordonstoun and Pembroke), bow, 12 st. 8 lb.; G. A. H. Cadbury (Eton and King's), 12 st. 6½ lb.; J. G. P. Crowden (Bedford and Pembroke), 12 st. 12¾ lb.; G. T. Marshall (Bryanston and King's), 13 st. 9 lb.; J. R. Dingle (Christ's Hospital and Lady Margaret), 14 st. 0½ lb.; R. F. A. Sharpley (Shrewsbury and Lady Margaret), 13 st. 11 lb.; N. B. M. Clack (Wycliffe and Lady Margaret), 12 st. 13 lb.; J. S. M. Jones (Shrewsbury and Lady Margaret), stroke, 12 st. 3½ lb.; J. F. K. Hinde (Malvern and Pembroke), cox, 9 st. 5½ lb. Cambridge is the heavier crew.

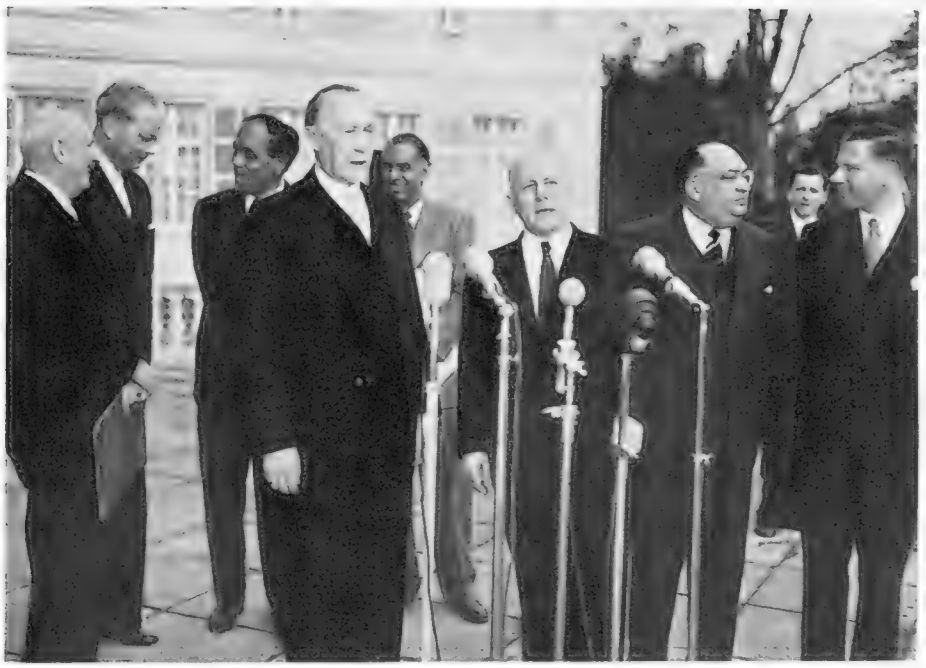
THE CAMBRIDGE COX: J. F. K. Hinde, before the start of a practice row. *On left*—The Cambridge crew preparing for a practice row, and in the background Oxford full out on the Tideway above Putney Bridge.

COUNCILS AND CONFERENCES

NEWS OF ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL IMPORTANCE FROM LONDON AND THE CONTINENT

THE MINISTER OF LABOUR OPENS A CONFERENCE IN LONDON ON HUMAN RELATIONS IN INDUSTRY: In this picture, taken at the beginning of the three-day conference, are, seated at the table from left to right, Sir Harold Wiles, Deputy Secretary of the Ministry of Labour; Mr. Tom Williamson, M.P., of the T.U.C.; Sir Walter Monckton, the Minister of Labour; Sir Guildhaume Myrddin-Evans, Deputy Secretary of the Ministry of Labour; Sir Cuthbert Clegg, President of the British Employers' Confederation; and Sir George Schuster, chairman of the Human Relations Panel set up by the Committee on Industrial Productivity. The conference was attended by 400 delegates and observers representing employers' organisations, trade unions, nationalised industries and bodies concerned with industrial welfare, management and education. The conference discussed such questions as the employment of people who would be able and willing to work if they were given the chance, improved methods of selection and training, ways of checking wastage, the redistribution of labour and the value of joint consultation.

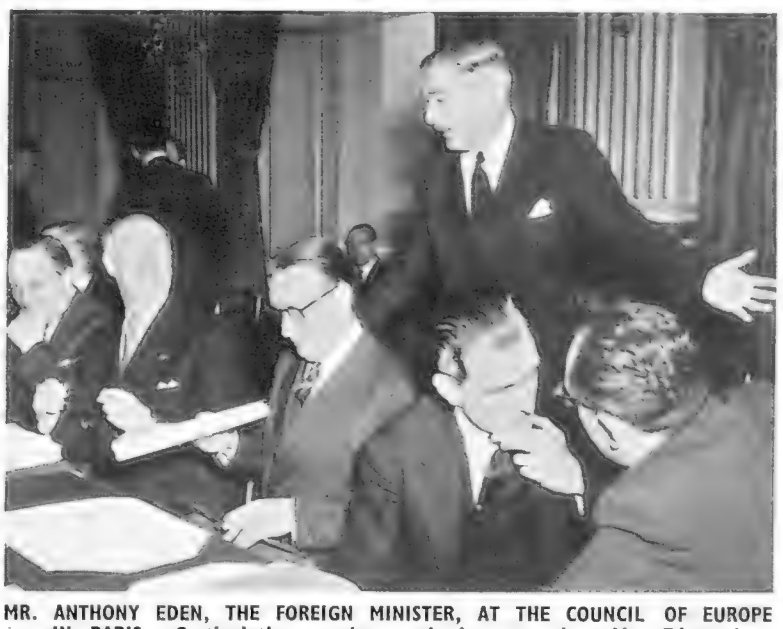
T.U.C. DELEGATES AT THE CONFERENCE ON HUMAN RELATIONS IN INDUSTRY: The delegates are, from left to right, Mr. E. J. Hill and Mr. A. McAndrews, both members of the T.U.C. General Council; Sir W. Lawther, President of the National Union of Mineworkers; Mr. William Roberts and Mr. Cameron William Doodson, both cotton workers' leaders. The Minister of Labour, who opened the conference, told delegates that the main hope for Britain in the present financial ordeal lay in a resolute effort to raise the level of production



MEMBERS OF THE UNITED NATIONS GERMAN COMMISSION AT DR. ADENAUER'S RESIDENCE IN BONN: Dr. Adenauer stands at the microphones fourth from the left, with Mr. Kristjan Albertson, of Iceland, the leader of the Commission, on his immediate left. Other members of the Commission stand chatting in the background. The Commission is to investigate conditions for holding all-German elections and the Government has given them assurances of safeguards in carrying out their task.

VICE-CHANCELLOR BLÜCHER, OF GERMANY, GREETS THE LEADER OF THE UNITED NATIONS GERMAN COMMISSION: Herr Blücher (right) shakes hands with the Commission's leader, Mr. Kristjan Albertson, of Iceland, after handing over his Government's formal reply to the Commission's request for special facilities in their investigation of conditions for holding all-German elections. The Commission was assured of freedom of movement throughout federal territory and access to all persons and documents relevant to their inquiry

A MEETING OF THE CENTRAL TRANSPORT CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE EXAMINES THE RECENT ALTERATIONS IN FARE STAGES IN THE LONDON AREA: Under the chairmanship of Major Egbert Cadbury, second from the left in this picture, the Committee had before it questions relating to the whole range of fare problems arising from "a vast number" of representations from the public. During a private all-day sitting the Committee considered evidence from the London County Council and several other public bodies, ratepayers' associations, trade union branches and individual passengers. Memoranda supporting the increases were sent by the Transport Commission and the London Transport Executive. At the end of the inquiry a report will be drawn up for Mr. J. S. Maclay, Minister of Transport. Recommendations from the Committee may be effected by the Transport Commission.



MR. ANTHONY EDEN, THE FOREIGN MINISTER, AT THE COUNCIL OF EUROPE IN PARIS: Gesticulating as he emphasises a point, Mr. Eden chats with M. Paul Van Zeeland, the Foreign Minister of Belgium. In his speech to the Committee of Ministers of the Council, Mr. Eden said that his Government was actuated in suggesting an alternative line of development for the Council by the desire to promote the idea of European unity. He thought that much encouragement was to be found in the extent to which the European community was taking shape, especially in associations of certain countries for clearly-defined objectives like the Schuman plan and the European defence community.

THE SWEDISH SCHOONER "SUNBEAM" MAKING HER WAY UP-CHANNEL AFTER A BRIEF HALT AT SOUTHAMPTON: The *Sunbeam* is now completing a 16,000-mile trip organised under the auspices of the Swedish Government to give training to youths between the ages of fifteen and nineteen. The schooner made fast time in the penultimate stage of her world journey, from the Azores to Southampton, reaching the English coast well ahead of schedule. As shown in last week's issue of "The Sphere," the *Sunbeam* docked at Southampton a short distance from the Cunard-White Star liner *Queen Elizabeth*, and the cadets were granted shore leave.

THE SCHOONER "SUNBEAM" HOMEWARD BOUND

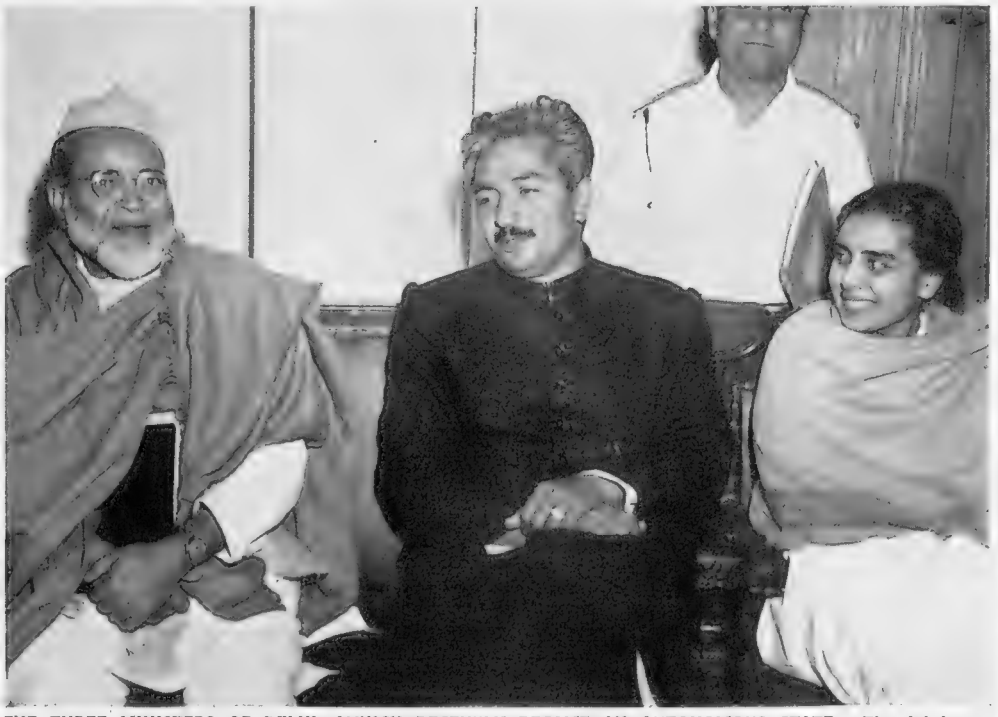
Building a £100,000 Yacht for an American Industrialist in the Yards at Gosport

SPEEDING UP-CHANNEL WITH A STEADY MARCH BREEZE BEHIND HER: The schooner *Sunbeam* heading for Sweden, on the last stage of her 16,000-mile cruise, after leaving Southampton. The cadets on board are all trainees for the Swedish Merchant Navy.

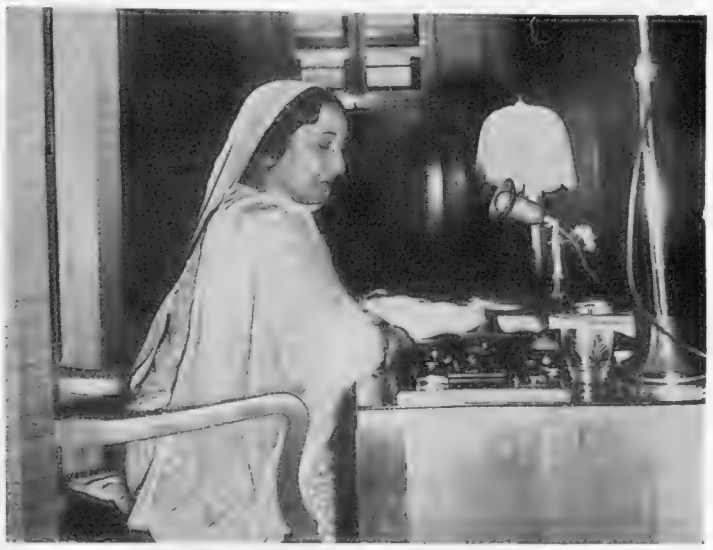
A SUPER YACHT IN THE MAKING: Working on the timbers and (*on left*) within the hull of the £100,000 yacht, the largest to be built in Britain since the war, which is to be launched at Gosport this summer. It is being built for an American industrialist. The yacht, an auxiliary ketch of about 125 tons, has been designed by Camper and Nicholson's. There are three forms of steering with a 100-h.p. Diesel auxiliary. There will be radar, radio direction-finding equipment, ship-to-shore telephone and duplicate gyro and magnetic Sperry pilots. The yacht has been designed to sail anywhere in the world and in many vitally important details it is being built in excess of Lloyd's requirements.

NEWS FROM ASIA and the NEAR EAST

Delhi Becomes Autonomous; Mrs. Roosevelt Meets the Nizam; A Woman President of Pakistan's Parliament; The Cairo Trials; A Mace for Malaya's Council Chamber



THE THREE MINISTERS OF DELHI, WHICH RECENTLY BECAME AN AUTONOMOUS STATE: The Ministers are (left to right) Mr. Shafiq-ur-Rehman Kidwai, Mr. Chaudry Brahm Prakash, the Chief Minister, and Dr. Shushila Nayyar, who was Mahatma Gandhi's physician for many years. Under the new constitution Delhi has become for the first time a self-governing "State," administered separately under the jurisdiction of these Ministers. On the spacious lawns facing the Secretariat, in the heart of the beautiful city, the three Ministers recently took the oath of office. Mr. Brahm Prakash is, at thirty-three, the youngest Chief Minister in India.



A WOMAN PRESIDENT OF THE PAKISTAN PARLIAMENT: In the presidential chair of the Constituent Assembly Hall in Karachi, capital of Pakistan, is Begum Shah Nawaz, daughter of the late Mian Mohammed Shafi, and the first woman in the history of Asia to preside over her country's Parliament. Though a movement for the return to *purda*, the seclusion or veiling of women, became evident in Pakistan after the country's separation from India, women like Begum Shah Nawaz and Begum Liaquat Ali Khan, wife of the late Prime Minister, are at present vigorously and successfully campaigning for the equality and freedom of their sex.

MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT MEETS THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD IN NEW DELHI: Mrs. Roosevelt, who has been touring India and is to write a book on her visit there, met the Nizam when he visited Delhi recently for a conference of Governors and Rajpramuks of Indian States, including the former princely States. It was the Nizam's first visit to the Indian capital for sixteen years, and the retinue he took with him bore witness that he still is one of the world's richest men. The suite consisted of 100 persons, including two wives, two doctors and two barbers, who travelled from Hyderabad in three specially-chartered aeroplanes. The Nizam, last of the great Muslim rulers of India, is apparently reconciled to his new role as an administrative figure-head under the direct jurisdiction of the central Indian Government. He was received with honour by the Government in New Delhi and sat on the left hand of the Indian President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, at the two-day conference.

AN EGYPTIAN TERRORIST IS SENTENCED BY A CAIRO MILITARY COURT: Mohamed Ezzedin, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment with hard labour for his part in the Cairo riots on January 26, waves his arms and struggles with the police as he protests vigorously to the judges after sentence was pronounced. On the right, wearing glasses, is Mohamed Fathy, a deaf mute, who was acquitted.

THE FIRST ARTICLE OF REGALIA WHICH HAS COME INTO THE POSSESSION OF THE FEDERAL LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL OF MALAYA: The gold-and-silver mace presented by the Rulers of the Malay States is seen in position on the Clerk of Council's desk following the presentation ceremony in the Chamber at Kuala Lumpur. At a desk behind sits General Sir Gerald Templer, the High Commissioner of Malaya, over whose head is the new coat-of-arms of the Federation. *On left*—The Keeper of the Rulers' Seal, who represented the Rulers at the presentation ceremony, is seen at the Bar of the House as he read a message from the Rulers to the High Commissioner and the members of the Council. The hardwood shaft of the mace is nearly 5 ft. long and is covered with silver ornamented with gold panels fashioned by Malay craftsmen in the State of Kelantan. On it are representations of ears of ripe *padi*, and over the head is an eleven-pointed golden star, symbolising the eleven Federated Governments and hung between the horns of a golden crescent. The arms of the Federation are on opposite faces of the head, and eleven medallions, bearing the heraldic devices of the Governments, are spaced round the rim.

The Sphere of Travel

EXPLORING THE OTHER FRANCE

Some Lesser-known Resorts in Poitou, Finistere, and the Foothills of the Vosges, where the Holidaymaker Can Spend Enjoyable Days at Modest Cost

TO many of us France is the loveliest land in all Europe, and she offers to the intelligent traveller an amazing variety of attractions. Yet it is true to say that of the countless thousands who have crossed to her shores on their way to the coastal resorts of Normandy and Eastern Brittany, or succumbed to the lure of Paris, or proceeded post-haste to the greatest of all Europe's playgrounds, the romantic Côte d'Azur, only a mere handful have considered taking their holiday in some of the other richly fascinating districts. Perhaps the present reduced travel allowance may, therefore, tempt a number of Britons to explore this "other France," and I am sure they will not be disappointed.

There is hardly any part of France, indeed, which does not repay exploration, but here I must restrict myself to giving some brief particulars of just three areas: Poitou, Finistère, and the foothills of the Vosges. All of them possess a truly individual character, appealing scenery, and are rich in historic and prehistoric lore. In all three countrysides you will also find inns and hotels where you can live superlatively well and at a far more modest cost than you must necessarily pay in the popular centres and resorts. You will, in fact, see rural France at its best.

The old province of Poitou stretches south of the Loire, from the Bay of Biscay to the first outcrop of the great Central Plateau. Off the coast are two islands, Noirmoutier and Ile d'Yeu, with impressive rocks and good beaches. The main coastline is sandy, with excellent bathing, and there is one large resort, Les Sables-d'Olonne, which offers a superb beach. There are a number of tiny resorts, too, both on the islands and on the mainland.

The appeal of Poitou, however, is best discovered in its hinterland. Here you will find lazy rivers, smiling valleys and little villages with exquisite Romanesque churches. Nowhere else in Europe did this fascinating architectural style flourish so profusely and so magnificently. A visit to Poitiers, the old capital, is essential, for it is one of the most interesting art cities in France. It has also considerable historic importance, for near here one of the world's decisive battles was fought, when Charles Martel in 732 defeated a huge army of invading Saracens, and thus saved Western Europe for Christianity. It is said that 300,000 Arabs were slain. Then, in 1356, under its wall, the city saw the defeat of the army of John, King of France, numbering 60,000 men, by the far smaller force of the Black Prince. (A copy of Froissart's *Chronicles*, that most entrancing of all history books, and available in an Everyman edition, should be in your bag, for it makes most exciting reading in this part of France.)

LA ROCHELLE, A FASCINATING PORT OF WESTERN FRANCE: La Rochelle lies on a stretch of coast that deserves to be better known, offering wonderful sea-bathing on the great broad stretches of Atlantic beach, most notably in the neighbouring Ile de Ré.

The outstanding sights of this lovely little town, perched on a pear-shaped hill and with crooked streets which either go up or down, are the remarkable Romanesque Church of Notre-Dame-la-Grande (eleventh to twelfth century), the Baptistery of St. Jean (fourth century), the oldest Christian monument in France, and the curious Church of St. Hilaire-le-Grand (eleventh century).

Elsewhere in the province, so many little towns are worth visiting and my few suggestions must necessarily be arbitrary, for the exploring traveller will find many other riches waiting to be discovered.

In the north of the province is Thouars. Set on the summit of a rocky promontory, which overlooks the surrounding wooded countryside, it presents many interesting buildings. It is also a wine-growing centre whose products, linked with local farm products, make the joys of the table no mean attraction. Twenty miles south-west of Thouars is Bressuire, another small town well worth considering, which lies in the heart of the Vendée, with its huge stretches of wild *bocage*—an area completely unspoilt.

QUIMPER, "THE RIVERSIDE CITY OF FABLES AND GABLES": Quimper, in Finistère, stands at the confluence of the Steir and the Odet. It is a good holiday centre, with the true Breton atmosphere, and only eleven miles away is Benodet, a pleasant little bathing resort. A holiday at Quimper need not involve heavy expenditure.

A PICTURESQUE STREET IN MORLAIX: This quiet little town is within easy reach of a charming coastline, including such places as Roscoff, on the North Brittany coast. Here again the traveller can rely on rooms at a reasonable price.

To the south of Bressuire is Parthenay, delightfully medieval and surrounded by fine woods and rivers, and then farther south again is Niort, a town of considerable historic interest and possessing many fine old buildings. Fontenay-le-Comte, to the north-west, has also much to recommend it, for here you will find ancient churches and chateaux, feudal ruins and graceful mansions. It is the centre of a region where the old *coiffes* are still to be seen in everyday use.

Both Fontenay and Niort are within easy reach of La Rochelle, which since the wartime destruction of Saint-Malo is quite the most fascinating old port in France. Of its historic buildings, the most remarkable is the sixteenth-century Hotel de Ville, a real gem of the Renaissance style. From it the Ile de Ré, with its miles of fine beaches, is easily reached.

Next, I take you to Finistère, the westernmost province both of Brittany and of France. The coastline here is wild and rocky and picturesque. Dotted here and there are little fishing ports, where time seems to have stood still. It is in this region, too, that you find the traditional costumes still worn, with the women of each village wearing their own type of unusual *coif*, the unique calvaries, and the annual celebration of the famous Pardons.

The newcomer to Finistère would be well advised to go first to a centre from which excursions could then be made. By this means, on the spot, you could determine just which escapist resort would best suit you. The three recommended centres are Morlaix, Landernau and Quimper, each being linked by bus services with many attractive villages and small towns in its area. Quimper, a cathedral city and the capital of Cornouaille, is a most attractive place in itself and

possesses the true Breton atmosphere. Morlaix is within easy reach of St.-Pol-de-Léon, Roscoff, and a pleasant coastline, while Landernau is the gateway to the wildest and loneliest part of the Breton coast.

For those who like the simple life on an island, there is Ouessant, which can be reached by steamer from either Brest or Le Conquet. There is an inn at Lampaul on the island. Even more primitive is the Ile de Sein (with very simple inn accommodation), with its curious appeal. Legend has it that this flat and bare island was in Druidic times the home of the nine sacred virgins, who were consulted as oracles by the few who dared to sail through its dangerous reefs. It is to-day reached by a steamer service from Audierne, while there are daily excursions during the summer from the Pointe du Raz. One of the strange customs still surviving on both these isles is that of the *proellas*, or symbolical funerals of sailors lost at sea.

No part of France offers better sea-food than does Finistère, while it is also an ideal land for the fisherman. There is no better tunny-fishing to be had than at Trébeurden, while the angler will be happy in the neighbourhood of both Landernau and Quimper, where the rivers offer both salmon and trout fishing.

Most of the fishing centres have a Societé des Pêcheurs à la Ligne, temporary membership of which is usually available to the visiting fisherman, and from whom all the relevant information can be obtained.

In the Vosges you are in a land of forests, with small inviting villages well exposed at the base of rounded mountain-tops. These mountains are not difficult to climb, while the climate in this part of France is cool in the summer. Nowhere else have I tasted more exquisitely cooked and seasoned torrent trout, while there are other gastronomical specialities, excellent wines and beer, and everywhere you can smell the tantalising Lorraine *potée*.

THE GLORY OF THE SEVRE NIORTAISE : Old cottages reflected in the river at Daumix, a town of the Vendée, a part of France which is off the beaten tourist track but which offers many rewards for the traveller in this historic land. The Vendée is famed for its food, notably its butter and cheeses. It has at least one coastal resort of renown in Salles d'Olonne, lying north of La Rochelle.

A COUNTRY TOWN IN OLD VIENNE : Angles-sur-Anglin lies in that delightful green countryside to the east of Poitiers, to the south of Tours, and to the north of the Massif Centrale, where rivers abound, where the oxen still plough, and the people would seem to be dwelling in the midst of a bygone age. Angles is little different to any other town in Vienne, a part of Poitiers famed for its fertile pasture lands. A walking tour in Vienne would be admirable at any time between spring and autumn, for the heat here is seldom intense, even in high summer. This area is very easily reached from Paris by express trains to Poitiers and Chatellerault.

Three recommended centres are Gérardmer, St.-Dié and Giromagny. Gérardmer lies at the extremity of a lake which bears its name, and which is surrounded by mountains covered by superb forests. It is an excellent centre for excursions. St.-Dié is another good centre for country excursions. The town itself was the scene of heavy fighting during the war and many of its ancient buildings were destroyed. Giromagny is a centre from which the superb massif of the Ballon d'Alsace can be visited.

Generally speaking, you can find satisfactory hotel accommodation in all the three areas I have mentioned, at a pension rate of around 900-1,200 francs a day Such "extras" as local wines are invariably cheap in price, so there is no reason why a most enjoyable holiday should not be enjoyed for a modest sum. Full particulars regarding hotels, etc., can be obtained from the French Government Tourist Office, 179, Piccadilly, London, W.1. **Gordon Cooper**

THOUARS, SET ON THE SUMMIT OF A ROCKY ESCARPMENT : This is a considerable wine-growing centre, and the Vins de Thouarsais, indeed, enjoy quite a high regard among the people of West Central France.

LAKE OF GÉRARDMER, IN THE VOSGES : The lake is surrounded by pine-clad hills and is one of several really excellent centres for excursions in the Vosges

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

EDWARD HULTON GLANCES BACK

Some Frank Comments Upon an Edwardian Childhood, a Formidable Father and a Gay and Volatile Mother

EDWARDIAN childhoods could be very happy—I speak from some experience—at least as happy as childhoods through the next three reigns, and Mr. Edward Hulton has an enchanting story to tell of his in WHEN I WAS A CHILD (Cresset Press. 18s.). Mr. Hulton's father was a very well-known newspaper proprietor and a racing man of some consequence, but since the son has made the admirable choice of writing about him exactly as he found him at the time, and with no "hindsight," the father's importance is emphasised only as a tolerant or an intolerant parent, a giver or withdrawer of treats, and an innovator of amazing things. In the big London house "which showed its age by trembling violently when traffic passed," or in a country house, or in the many seaside and holiday places to which they travelled with mountains of luggage, the formula for living was more or less the same. There would be the author and his sister, the nanny, or later the governess or tutor, the gay, volatile mother, the considerable staff and, from time to time, visits or descents from the father. He seems to have been a formidable figure as a family man; perhaps Fleet Street or Newmarket were happier *milieux* for him. But however that may be, and however one may envy or deplore the young Hulton's upbringing, one thing is certain: this is a book by itself, for candour, for sharpness of memory and for a total absence of the often distorting glasses of middle-age.

The title of Dr. A. J. Cronin's autobiography, ADVENTURES IN TWO WORLDS (Gollancz. 16s.), could at first be taken to refer to his life in Scotland and England, and his life, since just before the last war, in the United States. On reading, however, it is clear that the reference is to his two careers of doctor and writer, and this is all the clearer, since there is scarcely a reference to his American home. On the other hand, the greater part of the book is devoted to an account, often in anecdotal form, of the author's early years as a medical student, as a practising doctor and as a member of the Royal College of Physicians. Not until three-quarters of the way through the book does he describe the immense success of his first book, *Hatter's Castle*, and his abandoning of medicine for writing. The remainder of the book is concerned with some travelling in Europe, St. Moritz, Venice, the South of France, and so on, and with pages of religious dissertations. Still no United States, though there is a gap where it might possibly have fitted between Arosa (1938) and Vienna (1946 ?). Finally, about a dozen pages from the end Dr. Cronin writes of his move to the New World. "It was June," he remarks, ". . . we were an entire family and had come to stay." It was June 1939. A disappointing book, and by no means a full autobiography.

Young men are apt to take themselves seriously, and it has often seemed to me that those long, long thoughts of youth about which the poet tells us are strictly devoted to the youth himself. Miss May Sarton, in a sensitive and distinguished novel, writes of a young man whose French father has died years before in Paris, and whose American mother has just died in their house in Boston, leaving him to come to his own terms with the future. This, from his point of view, is bleak, for although he is financially secure and has the friendship of an exceptionally understanding stepfather, at twenty-six he has not even an uneasy glimmering of what he wants to make of his life. SHADOW OF A MAN (Cresset Press. 12s. 6d.) is the story of the few months during which physically he travels to Paris and back, and emotionally and intellectually he makes an even longer, self-engrossed voyage of discovery. It says a very great deal for Miss Sarton's talent that she has been able to paint the portrait of a man who is 100 per cent. absorbed in himself, and not make him a monster of complacence, but this she has managed, and deserves our respect as well as our congratulations.

DECORATED AFTER NINE YEARS: Major M. P. F. Jones, D.S.O., of the 1/2nd Gurkha Rifles, Malaya, seen with his wife and his mother outside Buckingham Palace after he had received the D.S.O. from the hands of the Queen. Major Jones was awarded the decoration nine years ago in Tunisia as a subaltern. For the last five years he has been in Malaya.

CALL ME EARLY (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.) might have been written to prove that young women are not as introspective as young men, or, if they are, that they express themselves more readily in terms of action. Miss Angela Wyndham Lewis, whose first novel this is, writes with a fresh young authority that is as appropriate to the subject as it is delightful. Her heroine is an English girl attending courses in Paris, and living with a French family, where there are also girls of two or three other nationalities. Though Rosemary is eighteen, she has only just left her English school, and is shy and awkwardly coltish. Her months in Paris shape her social manner and her appearance, but they also teach her some of the pleasures and disillusions of a first affair. Rosemary may lack wisdom and sophistication, and, indeed, be alarmingly naïve, but no one could doubt in the authenticity of her simple, unselfish charm any more than they could doubt in the terrible English accent with which I 'm sure she spoke French.

The charm and the spell that Africa can exert over people from other countries has been the subject of books for as long as I can remember, whether by *bona-fide* travellers, by soldiers or traders, or by people who had gone to live there for the freedom and the open life it could give them. Now an author who has till now written mainly about ships and the sea, has given us a novel about English people in a remote corner of Africa (which I thought was Tanganyika, though I may very well be mistaken). A VALLEY DECIDES (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.) is, as always with Mr. Humfrey Jordan, first-rate story-telling, unpretentious, clear-cut and believable. It is also, in this case, extremely informative about big game, and the people who would as soon, and with as much risk, photograph it as shoot it.

SURF AGAINST THE REEF (Collins. 9s. 6d.) is Mr. Terence O'Brien's novel of another Englishman in a tropical climate, this time on one of the smaller Polynesian islands in the South Seas. Still a young man, his war experiences have left him with a philosophy of non-resistance that he is convinced is his only answer to the problems he may have to face in his work on a copra plantation. The manager is a disciplinarian with whom routine has become a religion, and who soon finds reason for antagonism in the younger man's devotion to a girl on a neighbouring island. Inevitably there is drama, but somehow it never seems out of key with the brilliant colouring and the dangers of the setting.

CRISPIN'S DAY (Longman's. 10s. 6d.) is the story of a war exploit that very nearly took place in sober fact, and that happens here in sober and exciting fiction. Mr. Leigh Howard was in the R.A.F. from 1940 to 1946. He is, in peacetime profession, a journalist. It is not surprising then, that the subject of his first novel should be a death-defying adventure in which a member of that film unit, immediately after the bombing of the Mohne and Eder dams, suggests that he should fly over and film the damage. As Mr. Howard says: "The flight which is described in these pages did not take place. But it could have done—in fact, it very nearly did. . . ." Here is the genuinely exciting story of how it might have been.

Mr. Louis Golding's new novel, THE DANGEROUS PLACES (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), tells the story of another phase of the war as seen through the eyes of one of his familiar characters, Elsie Silver. It appears that in novels that intervened between *Magnolia Street* and the present book, Elsie Silver married a Nazi general and turned her back on Jews in general, and her own family in particular. As this book opens, she is washing bandages in a cellar in the Warsaw ghetto, having come over to the side of right, and of almost inevitable tragedy. In the ghetto she nurses a little Polish girl and later escapes with her, losing her, and finding her again after many adventures, in Hungary, and finally escaping together to Palestine. Nothing can exceed in horror, tragedy or courage the factual accounts of the siege of the Warsaw ghetto, and this part, therefore, of Mr. Golding's book is thin by comparison. For the rest, there is much that is spirited and even more that is deeply felt by the writer.

In the early days of the Salvation Army much of its more spectacular work was done by young girls who were known as William Booth's "Hallelujah Lasses." They took tremendous risks, had extraordinary bravery, and through it all appear to have had a burning conviction. Mr. Charles Terrot's novel, SHOUT ALOUD SALVATION (Collins. 10s. 6d.), tells the story of one of these girls, whose work in the '80's took her to northern manufacturing towns, to New York, where she learned about Bowery gangsters, and to London, where she became one of W. T. Stead's helpers in his famous Maiden Tribute campaign. It is a rousing story, and an unusual one.

PRESSURE (W. H. Allen. 7s. 6d.) is a thriller announced with great fanfare and proving to be a gangster story that hovers precariously between the sensational and the downright bathetic. I am sure that bathos was not the effect that Mr. Charles Francis Coe was striving so hard to achieve, but there it is. His story is concerned with an unsuccessful lawyer who is approached and readily won over to an organisation who treat crime as a business.

ELIZABETH I OF ENGLAND

Milton Waldman's Brief Biography

When we speak or write of the Elizabethan age—and there is a strong inclination at the outset of a new Queen Elizabeth's reign to glance back across the centuries—we think in terms of the "spacious days," when intellectually, as well as geographically, horizons widened almost magically, the shackles of the Middle Ages were cast off. These things constituted a glorious collective achievement in an age of great vitality, and to Queen Elizabeth, the daughter of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn, the world has given credit for profound insight, much political wisdom, and a lively sense of leadership. In his new biography, QUEEN ELIZABETH (Collins' "Brief Lives." 7s. 6d.), Milton Waldman, an American who has made this period of history his special study, does not for one moment discount the greatness of the Queen, of this woman who was mistress only of half an island but was feared by half the world, but he is at pains to emphasise, too, the earlier phases of her reign, not least perhaps her hard and loveless girlhood before her reign began when she lived in an atmosphere of deep suspicion and learnt that duplicity was the condition of self-preservation. In fact, but for her discretion during the perilous years of her youth, the Princess would have gone inevitably to the scaffold like the guileless, luckless Lady Jane Grey. With that same power developed in her youth, the Queen of later years went her devious ways, outwitting every statesman in Europe and raising England to the highest rank among the nations. Mr. Waldman does not neglect also to lay emphasis on the Queen's personal peculiarities which increased with the passing years; her insistence, for instance, on those around her behaving towards her rather as if she was an ageless Fairy Princess. Altogether this is a most wide-ranging portrait of the Queen whose foibles in no way diminished her greatness, whose true glory lay in the fact that she won the love of her people and held it to the end of her days.

Many who read Vera Watson's A QUEEN AT HOME (W. H. Allen. 18s.) will no doubt feel a sense of regret that there exist to-day no records of the reign of Elizabeth I so intimate, so lively, and so full as those which Miss Watson has brought together about the Court of Queen Victoria.

This is indeed a most detailed volume covering the period of the Queen's accession, marriage and the first twenty-four years of her long widowhood. Much of this material comes from the Lord Chamberlain's records. We learn exactly what the Queen paid her servants, how she initiated a new wage scale for Royal housemaids, and the provision she made for free medical service for her staff.

Kathleen Raine, in her introduction to her selections from THE LETTERS OF SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (Grey Walls Press. 12s. 6d.), emphasises what an eloquent and many-sided character was the poet who, despite ill-health and humiliation, contrived to do so much. Lamb called Coleridge "an archangel a little damaged." These letters certainly reflect his great qualities of the intellect and the spirit.

H. Warner Allen, that most prolific writer on the subject of wine, is the author of a new volume, WHITE WINES AND COGNAC (Constable. 18s.), a companion to his book *Natural Red Wines*. He takes us on a circular tour covering the regions of Bordeaux, Burgundy, the Rhône, the Loire, the Jura, the Moselle, and the Rhine, and there is a special chapter on Champagne.

A volume which is of absorbing interest and practical value to-day, and which, like good claret, will grow in quality and value with the years, is C. Willett Cunnington's ENGLISH WOMEN'S CLOTHING IN THE PRESENT CENTURY (Faber and Faber. 3½ gns.). If quarrel there be, it is with the title alone, and that only on the score that in the twenty-first century our grandchildren and great-grandchildren may possibly be misled. This is a sequel to Dr. Cunnington's fine volume on nineteenth-century women's dress. The author not only describes in detail the fashions worn from year to year, but wherever possible he explains the social causes influencing them. The emphasis is mainly on general wear rather than on the more exclusive creations made for the very wealthy.

The ancient argument about Monmouthshire and its relationship to Wales and England can never be settled for or against, because Church and Parliament each have their separate claims upon the borderland. In writing of this debatable area H. J. Massingham has tactfully called his new volume THE SOUTHERN MARCHES (Robert Hale. 21s.). It is an absorbing account of the historic region between Wye and Usk, and belongs to a new series of regional books bearing very favourable comparison with the County series which the same publishers have brought out so successfully. The two series are really complementary, the latest one bestriding the county boundaries and, in so doing, perhaps creating a more realistic rural picture.

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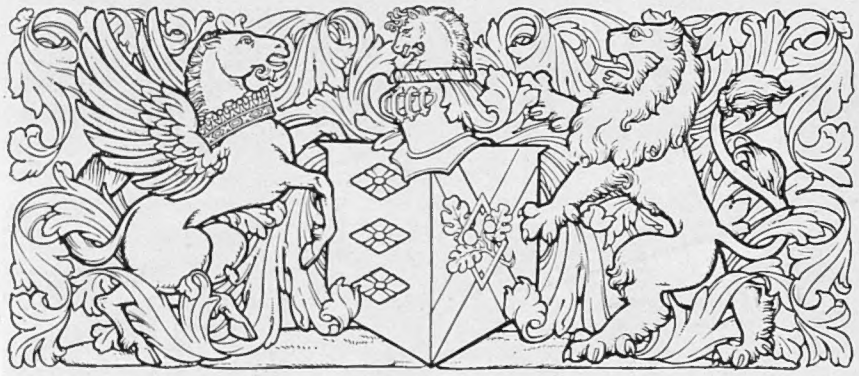

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

IN this world of complexity, it is a pity that the authorities concerned cannot agree on fixing a permanent date for Easter. I am sure such an arrangement would meet with universal approval, especially if the date were in April, as is the case this year.

At Easter-time, many an hotel which has closed its doors for the winter re-opens; dilapidations have been made good, improvements incorporated and staff re-assembled, awaiting our patronage.

Some hotels stage a set programme at Easter, with competitions, gala dances and other festivities, but for the most part hotels accept the fact that this is the first out-of-door holiday of the year and that visitors will have their own ideas about how they wish to enjoy themselves.

The Easter holiday has always been adopted by the golfing community to organise meetings on well-known courses, and by smaller individual parties to seek new pastures. I recall spending one such holiday at Aldeburgh, in Suffolk, and losing six balls in as many holes on the local course, but the air was so invigorating and the food and comfort at the *Wentworth Hotel* so excellent that my incompetence at golf (I abandoned it shortly afterwards) failed to depress me. Next door to Aldeburgh is Thorpeness, where I found an easier first-class course, and where golfers make their headquarters at the comfortable *Dolphin Inn*, within a few minutes' walk of the first tee.

Brancaster, on the north Norfolk coast, near Sandringham, is much in favour nowadays with early-in-the-year holiday-makers. The Royal West Norfolk Golf Course is but a pleasant stroll from the *Dormy House Hotel*, which is under the personal supervision of Lieut.-Commander L. G. Freeland, and has been largely refurnished in the last eighteen months.

While writing, I have received a telephone enquiry for an hotel anywhere within 40 miles of London where "we can relax, grow fat and feel the country around us"—to quote my caller. A new discovery, made only the previous week-end—*The Old Plaw Hatch*, near East Grinstead, Sussex—provided a ready answer. Friendliness is the keynote of this small hotel, so well situated on the edge of Ashdown Forest. Here, old and young, rich and not-too-poor mingle happily, the reason being that instead of having one monstrous hotel lounge where residents, by process of usage, requisition their "own" chairs, there are a series of small lounges, each with a merrily burning log fire on cold days and so sunny when the weather is fine. The Club Bar, too, designed and furnished in mariner style, creates an air of informality and breezy talk.

The bedrooms are not furnished at all like those of an hotel, but have lovely furniture, Persian runners and gay colours overall. Mrs. Kathleen Batten, who owns and runs the Old Plaw Hatch, provides meals that are varied and plentiful, and if you have come down for a real rest, no extra charge is made for serving them upstairs. An Easter visit to the Old Plaw Hatch would, I feel confident, give you a new zest for life!

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to Mr. Ashley Courtenay, c/o The Editor, The Sphere, Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.

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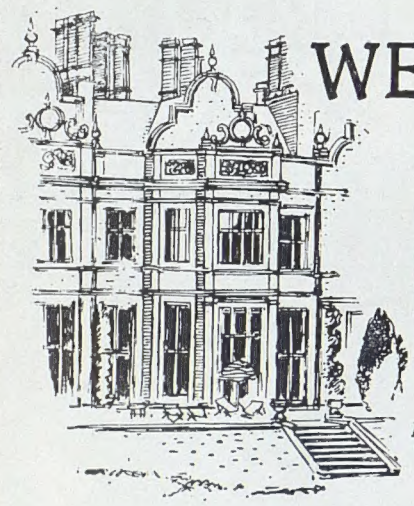

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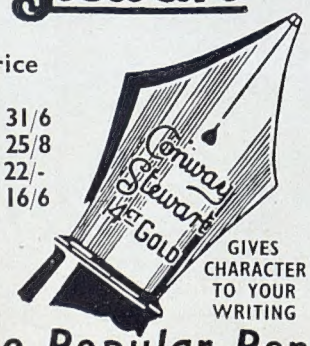

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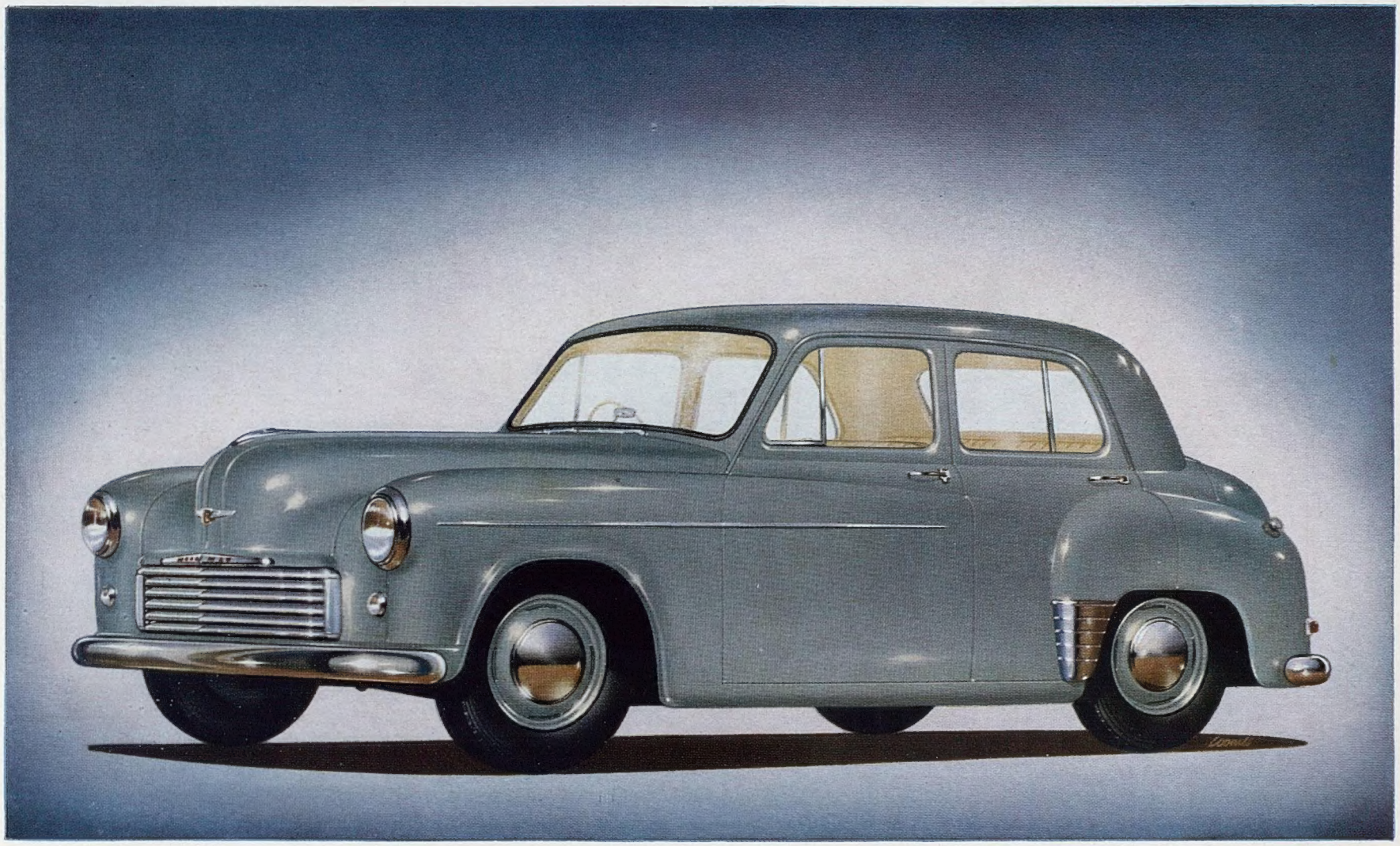

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